

The TATLER

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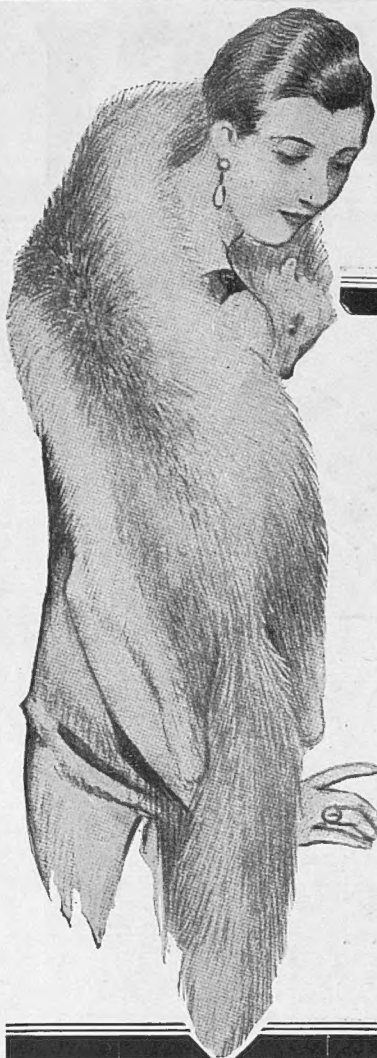
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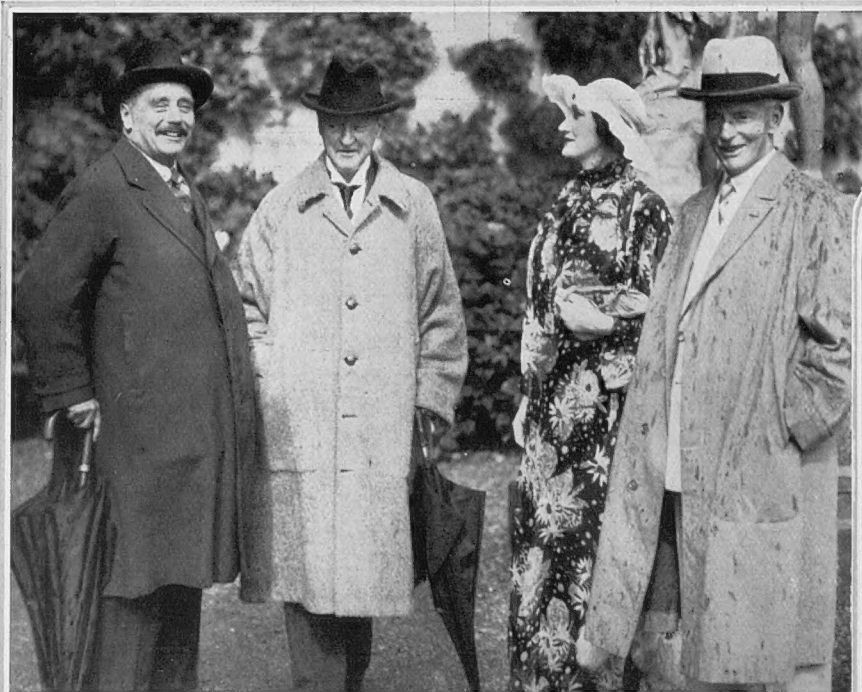
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COWES COMES ROUND AGAIN

This beautiful picture of a race in progress between the big boats was taken from the deck of Mr. Andreae's cutter "Candida," and the yachts ahead are "Shamrock V.," the late Sir Thomas Lipton's last "America's" cup challenger, now owned by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, "White Heather II.," and "Cambria." "Candida" has a slightly smaller sail area this season with a view to reduce her rating measurement to the same as "Astra," Mr. Hugh Paul's cutter. "Shamrock V." recently won the Round the Wight race at the Royal Thames Y.C. Regatta



A BLENHEIM FESTIVAL: MR. H. G. WELLS, THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, AND SIR FREDERICK AND LADY KEEBLE

The Duke of Marlborough's reception at Blenheim of members and friends of the English Verse Speaking Association was a memorable event of the year in Oxfordshire. Lady Keeble (Miss Lillah McCarthy) played Iphigenia, in scenes from Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' famous tragedy and the Poet Laureate (Mr. John Masefield) wrote a poem for the occasion. Sir Frederick Keeble is a Fellow of Magdalen

MY DEAR,—How can I possibly write about Goodwood's first day? The drive there and back was perfect; the sun shone gloriously for the first and last race and for the rest of the time we were soaked by deluges such as I have never seen before. I heard one blue-eyed girl question wonderingly as to whether the end of the world had arrived. I certainly thought the end of the first day's programme had come soon after twelve, for Ascot's storm of two years ago seemed a mild affair compared with this.

However we and the horses and the jockeys carried on nobly right through the programme. Personally, being well prepared as regards shoes and hat and mackintosh, I enjoyed it all enormously. But the horses seemed to think it was a bad business as they struggled home in the heavy going. And, of course, it was the least-backed horses who struggled just a little quicker than the others, so that we didn't even have financial compensation for our soaking.

Most people had evidently made up their minds to have no more of the usual Goodwood indecision as to what clothes to wear. For nearly everyone had coats and skirts and mackintoshes and small hats. Mrs. John Dewar was one exception in a pale blue marocain dress underneath her summer ermine coat. Lady Zia Wernher was another in a long dark blue velvet coat. And Lady Churchill's light speckled blue was a real temptation to Providence.

Otherwise the women's clothes were of the point-to-point variety. One was even wearing Newmarket boots and, very wisely,

THE LETTERS OF EVE



A BAD GOODWOOD: MR. EVELYN WAUGH, LADY DOROTHEA ASHLEY-COOPER, AND CAPTAIN DUFF COOPER

The weather at Goodwood on the opening day let everyone down badly, and was, according to some ideas, worse than the Ascot deluge two seasons ago, and pretty tempestuous in any case. Mr. Evelyn Waugh is the well-known author; Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper is Lord and Lady Shaftesbury's second daughter, and Captain Duff Cooper, M.P. the St. George's Division, is Financial Secretary to the War Office



ALSO AT THE BLENHEIM FESTIVAL: LADY OXFORD AND ASQUITH AND SIR RONALD STORRS

Some more of the notabilities who were at Blenheim for the Duke of Marlborough's reception of the English Verse Speaking Association. Sir Ronald Storrs was appointed Governor of Cyprus in 1926

for shoes were very apt to come off in the mud. Perhaps the smartest of the severely dressed people was Mrs. du Boulay in black and white with a neat-fitting white feather hat. Mrs. Kellett looked well and so did Mrs. Marshall Field, just arrived with her husband from New York and staying with Mr. and Mrs. Edward James at West Dean Park. They are only over on a flying visit, principally with the idea of seeing their horse run, and they are off again to Long Island this week.

Lord and Lady Blandford and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Edmonstone were also in the West Dean party, and others

that I saw were Lord Kilmorey and Mr. Dick Hermon, both just over from Ireland, Lady Nunburnholme, who was looking very pretty in a pink flannel coat and skirt, Baron Frankie de Tuyl, who had great hopes of winning the Steward's Cup with Unlikely, and Mrs. George Philipson, who told me she had been spending most of the summer in the country, and she certainly looked all the better for it. Others I noticed were Mr. Henry Horne in his usual good spirits, Lord Westmorland, Mrs. James Corrigan, Miss Jean Faudel-Phillips, and Lady Godfrey-Faussett, who was with the Clive Pearson's party at Parham.

* * *

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond had their usual big party, which included the Princess Royal, and many members of the family ranging down to very young nephews and nieces and grandchildren. I liked the straw and crimson diagonally-striped car badges, with the ducal crown and the R and G, which distinguished the Goodwood House cars. But I do think the powers that be might be just a little kinder to the duke in the way of weather for his one meeting in the year. He produces the loveliest course in England in beautiful condition, and throws in glorious views and masses of trees for shade. And for so many years now it has either rained or threatened to rain. And even last Tuesday it was perfect both before and after racing. Surely he deserves something a little better next year.

* *

There seemed to be a determined attempt on the part of brides and others to keep us in town right up to the last. Even over the week-end. For Miss Jean Longsdon was married at the Oratory on Saturday afternoon, and Miss Betty Shaughnessy on



Swaebe

AT THE BEAUFORT HUNT POLO CLUB

At Norton last week on the day the final of the Holford Cup was played. The names, left to right, are: Lady Cecilia Wellesley, a half-sister of Lord Cowley, Miss Zara Mainwaring, Clare, Lady Cowley, Lady Avic Spicer, a sister of Lord De La Warr, and Major Tommy Longworth, who runs the B.H.P.C. so magnificently and has quite recovered from his broken neck

gave the reception at The May Fair, and all her friends were delighted to hear that at last Mr. Singer is on the high road to recovery.

* * *

After the wedding some people went on to Ranelagh, where Sir Ian Walker's all-conquering Osmaston team added to their laurels by winning the King's Coronation Cup, when they beat The Panthers 10 to 5. And the late start at Hurst Park made it possible for some of the guests to get half an afternoon's racing and make a little to play with at Goodwood. Dozens of the regulars were there, including Lord Harewood, who now patronizes all the smaller meetings, Lady Chesham and Mrs. Mills, Lady Blanche Douglas, who looked very neat in a grey flannel coat and skirt, and Mr. Archie Campbell.

Captain Campbell Harris was another whom I saw. He told me he had just recovered from a very bad go of whooping-cough, an ignominious complaint caught from his small son. Baroness de Belabre was having her final flutter with the gee-gees before going off to Le Touquet, where she has taken a villa for two months. It is next to the Atlantic, with windows and verandas overlooking the sea.

* * *

Everyone seems to be going abroad this summer. The Grenfells, who were married on Monday, are going to Italy for their honeymoon, as Lord and Lady Grimthorpe have lent them their villa near Naples for part of the time. Talking of Naples, I fear that there are still many wails of anguish in diplomatic circles on account of our having given the Villa Rosebery, near Naples, to the Italian Government.

The villa belonged to the late Lord Rosebery, and was given to our Embassy as a summer resort. I am told that the beauty of the place was quite unbelievable, and all the diplomats who were fortunate enough to go there raved about it ever after. But unfortunately Sir Ronald Graham never went there very much, and now this little paradise has been lost to us.

(Continued overleaf,

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Jackson

LORD GLANUSK AND THE HON. MRS. ALASTAIR COOPER AT THE GLANUSK FLY-CASTING CONTEST

The Hon. Mrs. Alastair Cooper, who is Lord Glanusk's sister, won the Usk Valley Jewel at the recent Vale of Usk Fly-casting Competition at Glanusk Park, Breconshire

Monday, while Lady Elizabeth Grey went so far as to prevent her racing friends from seeing the Steward's Cup.

The Oratory is a lovely setting for a wedding, and Miss Longsdon made a lovely bride for Mr. Freddie Hennessy as she walked up the aisle followed by her eight bridesmaids, one of whom was her future sister-in-law, Miss Hennessy, a debutante of this season. What a year Lady Hennessy has had with a daughter to bring out, a son to get married, and another grandchild arriving about a week from to-day. Mrs. Washington Singer

gave the reception at The May Fair, and all her friends were delighted to hear that at last Mr. Singer is on the high road to recovery.

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MR. RONALD AND LADY ELIZABETH DAWNAY LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S

Last week's big wedding was that of Lord and Lady Grey's daughter, Lady Elizabeth, to Mr. Ronald Dawnay, Coldstream, at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bridegroom is the son of the late Major the Hon. Hugh Dawnay, who was a kinsman of Lord Downe and of Lady Susan Dawnay, who is an aunt of the Marquess of Waterford. It was obvious that everyone in London had not gone to Goodwood as Society was there in full strength.



LADY CASTLEROSSE

Who was amongst the many guests at the wedding of Dr. T. D. Kennedy of Dundee and Miss Kathleen Duff at the parish church, Fulham. The Bishop of London officiated. Lady Castlerosse married Lord Kenmare's son and heir in 1928. Lord Castlerosse is a director of three big London newspapers

This was when Mr. and Mrs. Drogo Montagu's small son was given the intriguing name of John Dru, which swings so nicely with his surname. This child ought to have a brilliant future before him if godparents and the place of baptism have any influence. For the Archbishop of Canterbury officiated in Lambeth Palace Chapel, and those who promised and vowed for him, besides Lord Dudley, were Princess Ingrid of Sweden, Lady Cunard, Captain Margesson, and Lady Patricia Ward.

But to get back to where I was. Princess Obolensky has already left for Austria, where she is very popular. The great Reinhardt himself is one of her most intimate friends, and Miss Tilly Losch and her English husband, Mr. Edward James, are almost inseparable from her. Mr. Reimar von Hoffmannsthal, son of the famous poet, and Mr. Curtis Moffat, may visit her out there, and, wherever she goes, her dark beauty and romantic personality are sure to draw a host of admirers around her.

Mr. Sidney Beer, too, is installed in his "Schloss," newly acquired, and is there awaiting the arrival of the Peter Thursbys and the Carnarvons, not to mention Mrs. Cochrane Baillie and Dr. Malcolm Sargent, and Miss Olga Lynn, who is previously visiting Mrs. Somerset Maugham at her villa at Le Touquet.

THE LETTERS OF EVE—continued

Sir William Erskine, our Ambassador in Poland, and Lady Erskine, who have been over here from Warsaw for some weeks with their daughters, are talking of going off to Varna on the Black Sea. Varna is a divine spot where there is lovely bathing, and where oranges grow on the beach. You can get there by car, over appalling roads where you may be stopped by brigands. Or you can go by steamer down the Danube from Vienna.

Lady Elibank has already arrived in Vienna. She means to be away until September, and before she comes back she will probably go to Salzburg where so many of the shining lights of our artistic world will be gathered together towards the end of the month. Lady Cunard goes on there after Munich, and Lady Lavery after helping Sir John to go through the cure at Marienbad. Lady Diana is also bound for Max Reinhardt's city, and so are Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton, Mrs. Dudley Ward and her two daughters, Penelope and Angela, and Lord Dudley.

Lord Dudley was a godfather at one of the last "smart" baptisms of the season.



ENGAGED: WING-COMMANDER H. A. HEWAT AND THE HON. VICTORIA ERSKINE

A picture taken at Spratton Hall, Northamptonshire, Lord Erskine's seat. The Hon. Victoria Erskine is Lord and Lady Erskine's only daughter, and as London Society knows well is the possessor of a beautiful voice. She has sung at many charity concerts. Wing-Commander H. A. Hewat is the son of the late Mr. R. G. Hewat and of Mrs. Hewat

Lord and Lady Plunket, too, are rumoured to be on their way out to visit him, and Sir Richard Sykes and Lord Gerald Wellesley are two other real Salzburg "habitués," who have made all their plans to spend a happy season in that most delectable spot. So, what with four concerts from Sir Thomas Beecham, and the usual brilliant Wagnerian programme at the Opera House, it looks like being a record Austrian season.

* * *

The Peter Thursbys are, of course, at Cowes this week, staying with Mrs. Thursby's parents, Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, at Nubia House. Lady Baring has been the uncrowned queen of Cowes for many years, and her annual charity ball, always attended by Royalty, plus all the most amusing members of the younger yachting set, is an event that never fails to "come off."

This year there seem to be very few entries for the big races. For the first class H.M.'s *Britannia* will, as usual, compete against the *Shamrock* and the *Candida*. The *Candida* is the only yacht I have ever heard of to be raced and captained by her owner, but Mr. Herman Andreae is an experienced and enthusiastic sailor, and should do great things this year. He owns a lovely place, Elmers, and he and his wife are real lovers of the sea. A refreshing change from the usual type of yacht owner who leaves all arrangements in the hands of the captain and only puts foot on board in the most perfect sailing weather! Lord Normanton is sailing his small yacht as usual, and has Captain H. T. Compton on board. At the moment things look quite definitely squally for the Cowes fortnight.

* * *

After motoring 4,000 miles all over Europe in her large Panhard car, Princess Antoine Bibesco has arrived in England again to stay with her mother, Lady Oxford. She spent Bank Holiday with Lady Oxford, who had a party at The Wharf, Sutton Courtenay, but this week the family leave for North Berwick where they have taken the same house as they had last year. Both Princess Bibesco and her mother are ardent golfers and are to be seen on the links at any time of the day, from early morn to dusk.

* *

The most exciting piece of news from the North concerns the wedding of Baroness Burton of Dochfour, and Major Melles of Gruline, a lovely and romantic place on the Island of Mull. The couple have known each other for many years and have many interests in common, not the least of them being a great love for the west coast of Scotland, where they have both lived most of their lives. Baroness Burton, whose two sons married, respectively, Lady Maud Mackintosh, widow of the only son of The Mackintosh, and Miss Laycock of hunting and Leicester-shire fame, has amazing youthfulness and vitality.

She is always the life and soul of the Inverness Meeting—dancing the reels better than anyone else of her age that I can think of. Everybody on the west coast is delighted at the marriage and joins in wishing her all the very best luck in the world.—Yours ever, EVE.



MISS MADELEINE CARROLL

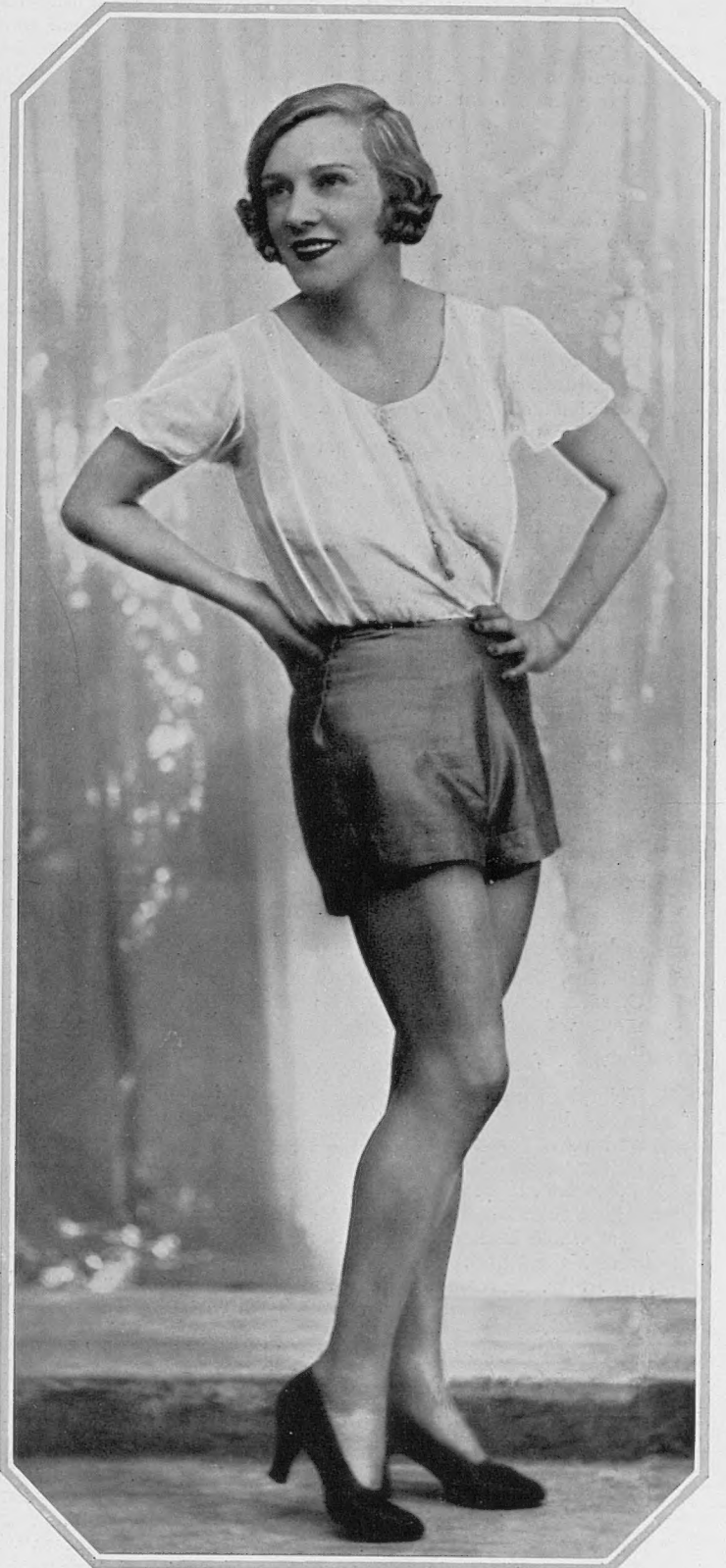
One of England's best of the rising generation of actresses. Miss Madeleine Carroll had a big success in "Pleasure Cruise" with Mr. Owen Nares as her opposite number, and shortly before that she had given us a beautiful performance in "Little Catharine," Savoir's play which was a hit at the Phoenix Theatre in London



MISS PHYLLIS KONSTAM IN THE REVIVAL OF "ESCAPE" AT THE GARRICK

The revival of John Galsworthy's famous play has been a big success, and all hands are to be congratulated. Miss Konstam plays the shingled lady who is one of the few people who help the unfortunate escaped convict, excellently played in this revival by Mr. Colin Clive. Leon M. Lion produces and plays his old part of the fellow convict

A BILL OF THE PLAYS



MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN IN "RHYME AND RHYTHM" IN MANCHESTER

Miss Phyllis Monkman has got a piece which ought to appeal to her immensely, for she is never happier than when she is dancing. "Rhyme and Rhythm" will have a five weeks' run in Manchester, and come to the Gaiety about the end of August, when London is sure to be ready to give it a big welcome

Photographs by Janet Jevons

THE CINEMA : By LENZ

At last, just as half London is moving out, a film that is a film has moved into the Cambridge Theatre. *Der Hauptmann von Köpenick* is brilliantly directed, brilliantly photographed, brilliantly cast. And how subtly and brilliantly witty. It is a pity that so few of you will be here to see it. For most of you know something about the famous hoax upon which Carl Zuckmayer's play and film are based, and which made the whole world laugh six and twenty years ago. And the English sub-titles, without spoiling the picture to any great extent, make the dialogue quite clear to those who have not even the haziest knowledge of German.

The hoax was perpetrated by a meek and elderly ex-convict who found himself, on his release from a long term in prison, without papers and without passport. Without papers he was unable to get work. Without a passport he was unable to seek it abroad. And without work he was unable to obtain a passport from the authorities. So the unfortunate man was caught, like a rat in a trap, in a vicious circle, faced with starvation, eviction, and arrest.

Some critics have complained that the picture is spoilt by the length of the introductory scenes, but I can hardly agree with them, even though argument is, admittedly, not the best film material. For surely, if Zuckmayer's version of the story is taken, it is necessary to stress the conditions which goaded such a meek little man to play such a joke, and to show a few side-lights on the Junker and the Junkerism which inspired that joke, and made it possible to carry out. And it is just the fact that the hoax was perpetrated by a humble but desperate little man, and not by a practical joker which gives it so much more point in its good laugh at Prussian militarism. Besides, the director, Richard Oswald, drives home his argument with so much force and movement.

The little hero, Wilhelm Voigt, has had many occasions to be impressed by authority, and to realize that he is quite powerless in the face of it. Very well, then, he will assume authority and get the passport which he needs. And the very highest authority. Military authority. For military manuals are easy to borrow, and cast-off uniforms are easy to hire. And from the moment that he decides upon this plan the film becomes most glorious fun.

The metamorphosis is accomplished behind the locked door of a public lavatory. A little seedy bowler-hatted figure, carrying a large parcel, enters after producing the necessary penny. A proud captain emerges and starts at once to make his presence felt, though his overcoat is conspicuously ill-fitting and his sword is trailing at a most unmilitary angle. His instant success with various officials gives him courage to halt a detachment of soldiers and, impressing them with a few well-chosen words from the manual, he orders them off for special duty. And theirs being not to ask the reason why, he entrains them for Köpenick, the first station down the line.

Arrived at Köpenick, he has a grand time. He takes possession of the town hall and arrests the mayor for reasons to be stated later. He also arrests the treasurer, after making him hand over all the money in his keeping. And as neither dare to question military authority, they have to submit to being sent under guard to Berlin. What a glorious morning for the little man. He is so completely enjoying his new-found authority that he is even able to stand the blow that Köpenick

possesses no passport office and that his escapade has therefore been in vain.

That being so, there is nothing left to do but dismiss the soldiers and return. The next time we see him he is emerging from the lavatory in his old suit and bowler hat. But there is one thing he had not counted on. The national sense of humour. Before night the whole city, high and low, military, and non-military is laughing loudly. At Potsdam there is the sound of Imperial laughter. The mayor and treasurer are the only two who do not see the joke. A special late bulletin is printed about it. The newspapers of the world are printing it next day. So, elated with success and impatient for recognition, Voigt goes to the police station and offers to produce the hoaxer in exchange for a passport. And how he succeeds while, over many glasses of wine, he boasts to gold-laced officials just how he did it all. For the result is the passport and the Emperor's special pardon

into the bargain. And he leaves us walking, jauntily, passport in hand, beside the soldier whose boots he had spent so many years repairing in the underground prison beneath their feet.

This story is, of course, glorious material for any film. Almost fool-proof perhaps. But the author and director have extracted the last ounce of subtle and ironic humour. I do not know all the details of the actual exploit, or how much these two have added. It was an inspiration to give Voigt authority over the mayor by means of a uniform which the mayor had grown out of and given in part payment for a new one. This is shown in an amusing little scene where the fussy pompousness of such officials is brought home to them. And I appreciated Voigt's return of the treasurer's money minus certain small expenditures including a copper for his own late bulletin. Only a few will pretend to be shocked by the rather broad humour of the lavatory scene, for it is really so funny considering the significance of what is happening behind the locked door which a station guard is so anxious to open.

The cast contains only one character, and Max Adalbert is really wonderful in the way he plays Voigt. The meek little man has just that hint of humour in his eyes which makes it conceivable that he could do what he did. And the seedy captain displays just enough authority to deceive underlings, in abject

fear of the military officer, without assuming any other character but his own. All the other actors have very small parts, but amazing care has been taken in the casting.

* * *

At the Empire.

The Wet Parade was heralded by a great flourish of the publicity trumpets, but whether it will still be running at the Empire when you read these words I very much doubt. For though this film is the result of a sincere effort to show the evils of drink in America, it is far too long-winded in sacrificing entertainment value to an argument which arrives nowhere. Someone had told me beforehand that *The Wet Parade* was a prohibition tract. And for the first hour or so I was prepared to believe it. But as the evils of drink, under prohibition, are shown to be even worse than in the days which preceded it, I was left with the suspicion that my informant might be wrong. The film is acted by a strong cast dominated by Walter Huston, the character whose drinking habits bring about the most suffering, both for himself and for others.



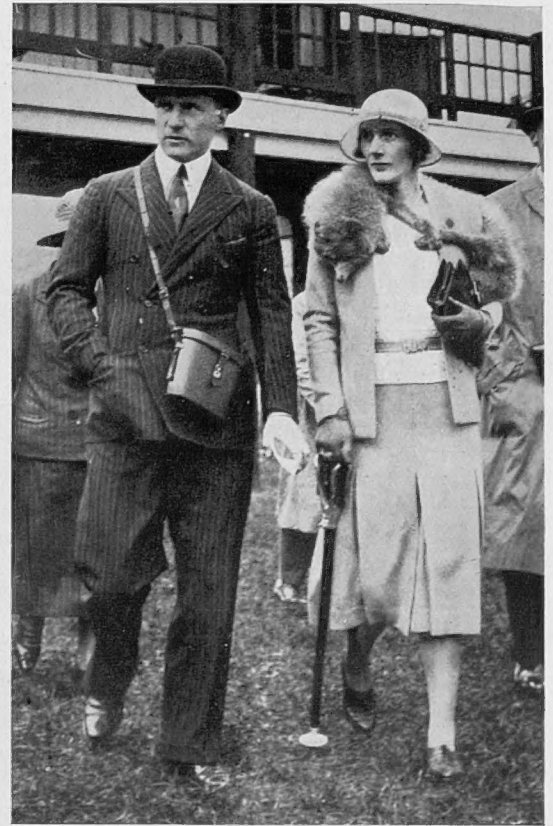
MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS AS ANNETTE IN
"THERE GOES THE BRIDE"

The famous young musical comedy actress is playing the lead in this new British Lion-Gainsborough musical film, which is now being directed by Albert de Courville at the Beaconsfield Studios. Annette is a little French girl who runs away rather than marry a pawky business "baron"

WEATHER OR NO: SOME GOODWOOD STUDIES

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL
AND LADY VIOLET BRASSEY

SIR JOHN AND LADY CAREW-POLE

OVER FROM IRELAND: MR. BOWES
DALY AND HIS CHARMING WIFE

COLONEL AND THE HON. MRS. LOWTHER



LADY ALLENDALE AND MR. SEELY



LORD AND LADY ESMÉ GORDON-LENNOX

With the weather practically a wash-out the opening day of Goodwood was robbed of its traditional glories. However, a minute allowance of sunshine, after the first race, encouraged the temporary appearance of neat tailor-mades, previously hidden by mackintoshes. The Princess Royal, who was staying with the Duke and Duchess of Richmond, was in a green check coat and frock, with a silk and straw hat to match. H.R.H. had a silver fox fur and so had Lady Carew-Pole, whose lobelia-blue suit was a particularly good choice. Lady Esmé Gordon-Lennox had pinned her faith on the ever-popular brown, and Lady Allendale looked particularly well in a navy coat and skirt. Colonel Lowther needs no introduction to people who go hunting with the Pytchley, and his wife is the daughter of another famous Master of this famous pack, the late Lord Annaly. Mr. Bowes Daly, the son of Major Dennis Daly, M.F.H., used to be in joint control of the "Blazers" and may be resuming this office again next season.

RACING RAGOUT : "GUARDRAIL" By

BY the time this appears Goodwood will be over and not much serious interest will be taken in racing till the York meeting. On the Saturday after Goodwood those who aren't obliged for purposes of extrication to attend "Ally Pally" will have scattered to the four winds of heaven, some to Le Touquet for the purpose of playing golf in English climate out of England, some to Deauville for a tilt at the Greek Syndicate and perhaps to buy some yearlings, some to the Riviera to be able to reappear at Doncaster as bays with black points, and others to the various German spas to do the necessary cure as an antidote to spending a season in London. Despite the stringent routine, I am assured by a lady of my acquaintance that a cure is quite enjoyable, so well does one feel. What she went to be cured of I do not know, but I gather that in less than a fortnight she took a stone off her weight and a load off her mind. There is also generally an exodus of buyers to Dublin for the show and yearling sales, but the whims of Mr. de Valera seem to have more or less put the hat on this. The proposal is that the vendor should keep any yearlings bought at the sale free of charge till January 1 or until such time as the taxes are removed, and those who know the open-handedness of the average Irishman in a horse deal will appreciate the fact that in many cases their yearlings on December 31 would only be visible at all in a strong light.

It may safely be said that "no stone has been left unturned and no avenue unexplored" by the British Government when it is learned from "The Daily Express" that Michael Beary was sent as a plenipotentiary of the nation to treat with the erstwhile gunmen. Mr. Beary is justly described as an "eloquent man." Those who have visited his home in Waterford tell me that the birds no longer find it worth while to perch in the trees, and the donkeys which infest the neighbourhood have but one hind leg, so that if his endeavours have been unsuccessful it is not the fault of the emissary, but the fact that he was dealing with his fellow countrymen most of whom were educated at Blahsville.

The idea, however, was excellent, and had the results been satisfactory, in all probability the American debt settlement would have been placed in the hands of, say, Mr. Carslake to treat with Capone, while Mr. Ray would have been sent with full powers to treat with the Mahatma over the Indian question. It is a sad and serious thing that this fracas should cause the sale and dispersal of the National Stud, which has been so admirably managed for so long by Sir Henry Greer. It would, of course, be an anomaly for the Government to have to pay itself taxes imposed by itself on its own yearlings, but in addition to this, with universal depression, high taxation, and large stud fees the bottom has fallen out of blood-stock breeding and, except with the greatest luck, it cannot be said to be a paying proposition. I was assured by a man who breeds on the highest lines and is always in the top three of the averages at Doncaster for his eight yearlings, that including depreciation, replacement of mares, insurance, and taxation, a sale of less than £30,000 shows him a loss! In some ways this depression will all be for the benefit of racing. Stud fees should come down and the

countless worthless animals bred by the winner of a selling plate out of a mare placed in a maiden plate which have appeared at Doncaster and elsewhere will never be born.

One cannot but sympathize with the gentleman whose enthusiasm for appearing in the pigskin led him to fall into the trap and fly all the way to Liverpool to ride in the bumper's race in answer to a bogus wire. It must be admitted that the instigators couldn't possibly have thought that he could take the wire otherwise than as a joke, but to arrive at Liverpool at great expense, to say nothing of the fear of risk to life and limb for nothing, would have been difficult for Job to laugh off. At the moment when it was broken to him had he shot the perpetrators no jury could have brought in a verdict of anything but justifiable infanticide, though of course revolver-shooting is a very risky thing and needs practice. One gentleman I know, a particularly slow-moving target, should be as full of holes as a cullender yet hasn't a mark on him, due no doubt entirely to faulty marksmanship.

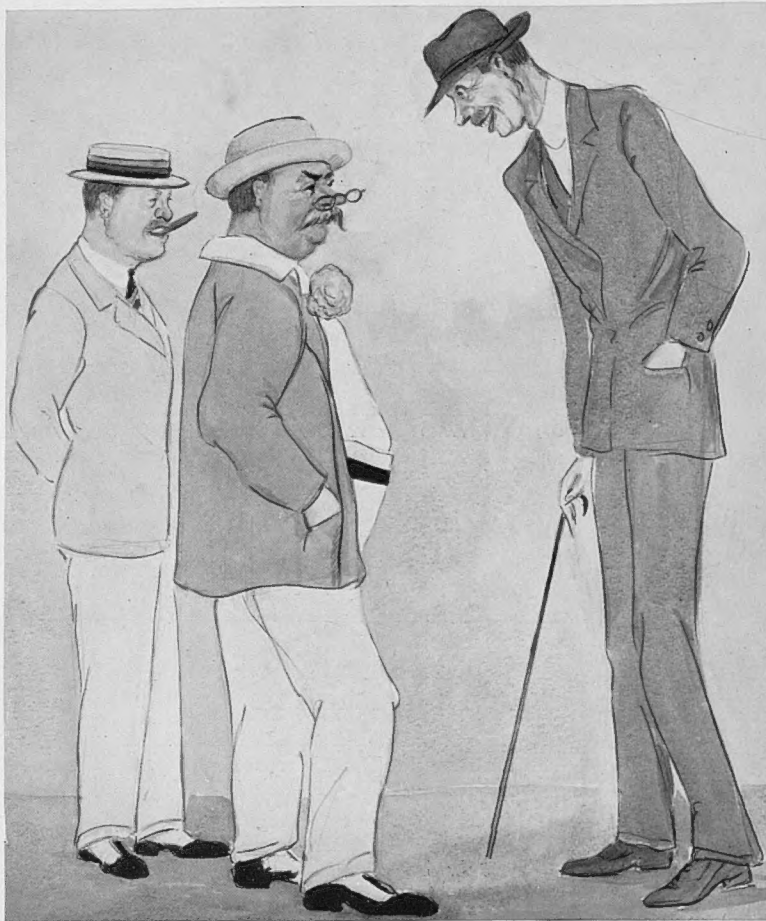
It is good to see that the betting commission is working unremittingly, even though the only finding at which they seem to have arrived is that betting in church is legal. This would only seem to be fair, as since time immemorial lotteries have been solemnized in church which for paucity of prizes and infinitesimal chances make a Dublin Sweep ticket look like an odds-on flutter. If they can scrap all the present betting legislation which no living man can understand, explain, or enforce, they will have accomplished much, and it is to be hoped that the advice of experts on the subject will be taken and acted on instead of disregarded as before the imposition of the betting tax.

Once again I have been to a dog-track, this time West Ham, and one must admit they are marvels of organization. Imagine a car-park at a dog-track arranged (or disarranged) like that at Sandown Park. No one would ever get home to bed at all. The totalisator, too, is a marvel of ingenuity, the indicator having no electric bulbs (I imagine a very expensive

item) or current necessary to run them. Instead the figures appear as in the Venetian-blind type of advertisement seen in Piccadilly Circus where one advertisement rolls or appears to fade into another. There are, of course, only at most six dogs running and no chits to be added up, but the win-and-place dividend appears about thirty seconds after the winning numbers are hoisted. The coursing world may not approve of it but it has put up the price of their drafts.

Racing at Hurst Park was lucrative on the Saturday if not very high class. Apple Time made no error this time about winning and can have caused its connections few qualms in the three selling plates it won earlier on. A nice two-year-old that ran on the Friday was Manceuvre, who ran very fast for four furlongs and then was finished for lack of condition. Fonab, whose handicapping has been based on a very short-head victory in a selling plate early on, again won, and by the time this appears will probably have again connected at Goodwood.

Here's hoping that our adipose enemies will have paid for your holidays and mine.



SUMMER KIT AT NEWMARKET

An impression of some racing notabilities in clothes designed to meet the recent heat wave, which had vanished completely by the time the wash-out at Goodwood arrived

COWES FILLING UP



LORD AND LADY DORCHESTER BEATEN ON THE POST BY "THE SNIPER"



ALL ON A RAINY DAY: MR. PIERCY, MAJOR PIERCY (owner of "Blue Jay"), MISS SHAW, SIR HERBERT WILBERFORCE, MISS DAWNAY, AND MRS. PIERCY



COME ASHORE FROM THE GUARDSHIP: LIEUT.-COMDR. BLAIR, LIEUT.-COMDR. GILMOUR, AND COMMANDER L. B. HILL



BUILDERS OF THE FLYING "SHAMROCK V.": MISS NICHOLSON, MR. C. E. NICHOLSON, AND MR. A. W. NICHOLSON

Even though owners of large and expensive yachts have not given fitting-out orders this season, and there are not so many house parties ashore, the famous Roads are by no means empty, and entertainment which may be missing on dry land will carry on afloat. Their Majesties' arrival in the "Victoria and Albert" and the King's sailing in "Britannia" in her various races during the fortnight are a great fillip to things all round. The King not having gone to Goodwood this year, he has had more time to devote to something he likes much better. The "V. and A." arrived in the middle of last week and took station near the guardship, H.M.S. "Malaya," who is the same class as the "Queen Elizabeth," 27,000 tons and eight 15 inchers as her main armament. Some of the ward room mess are seen in one of the pictures. One of the most interesting snapshots is that of the Nicholson family, of the famous firm of Camper and Nicholson, who have forgotten more about yacht designing and building than many people know. The late Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock V." is now owned by Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, who, as we know, is rather fond of "fliers." Lord Dorchester, who rarely misses Cowes, is an ex-9th Lancer and an ex-Master of the Garth



THE HON. MRS. F. J. BUCKLAND, HER FAMILY
(PENELOPE AND JEAN), AND ESCORT

A picture taken in London during what was considered West of Suez a heat-wave. The Hon. Mrs. Buckland is the youngest of Lord Melchett's three sisters and married Mr. Francis John Buckland, the architect, in 1926

So Few People are Human.

HOW seldom you meet people who are unashamedly content to be human. And how friendly and delightful they are when you do meet them! Most men and women create such fantasies around themselves. They are so very different from other people in their own estimation. Schoolmasters, parents, clergymen especially, all like to assume towards others whom fate has given into their charge, an innate superiority which they expect will be regarded as example. Even elderly people require deference on account of their age if for no other apparent quality. Then there is the woman who is so "refrained" that she shudders at the first sight of a knife approaching a pea! The man, too, who believes that the Empire was built up by such as he. Then there is the dreary, unintellectual "public-school outlook"; the outlook of the "best residential district"; the "secret of my success" complex and, oh, a dozen-and-one airs and graces and pretences which you have to accept before most people will own, if ever they do own, that they are one of a colossal human family, each member possessing his own failings and weaknesses, his own pitifulness, his own absurd reactions to love, lust, temptation, superstition, snobbery; his own dread of death and death's disturbing indifference to the good and the bad, the great and the obscure, the foolish and the wise. And this, perhaps, is why the jolly vulgarity of a common holiday crowd is so much more spiritually satisfying than the crafty animation of the moneyed in circumstances registering enjoyment. Until it sometimes seems as if the bigger the balance in the bank the more its owner lives on under the impression that he or she is something slightly super-human and must at all times "act as sich." When all the difference between classes is that some are more frequently washed than others. Character, after all, is the final test of true aristocracy and true vulgarity. The rest is mere suggestion. And one of the reasons why

With Silent Friends

By RICHARD KING

social entertainments are usually so mentally and spiritually deadening is that everybody at them has assumed their own pet mask and one has to accept that mask as well as play up to it if you wish to please. Well, this may explain why the sight of somebody being perfectly natural is as refreshing at all times as a real garden after a long sojourn among painted scenery. The older I grow the less I can be bothered by the excessive showing-off to which too many of us are self-addicted. Which brings me to Jan and Cora Gordon, the artist-authors, and their latest delightful travel book, "Three Lands on Three Wheels" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.). And why are their travel books always so delightful? Simply because the Gordons invariably give the impression of being perfectly natural. They are not out to inform; at least, not unless information comes within the scope of their adventure. They are not out to impress. They bask neither in the sunshine of great wonders inspected, nor in the acquaintanceship of great personages encountered. As authors they have, thank goodness, never heard of posterity. Their books give a better impression, all the same, of the various countries they visit than a whole library of earnest travel books, each one a recognized authority, simply because they treat their journeys as so many holidays, and thus their readers laugh while they learn. In their new book they begin in Paris, go southwards to the wine lands of France, turn in their tracks to touch England, and linger for a longer while in Ireland. The three wheels are a motor-bicycle and side-car, and if you remember what a friend they made of the old Ford car with which they once toured America, you will know what a human part "the Wandering Wardrobe" plays in their new book. Most authors beginning the account of their travels in Paris would have started out very earnestly to take you once more around that city. We should, indeed, have probably been back in French history long before, having opened the book, we had found the easiest angle to sit in our easiest chair. Not so the Gordons. They are, in this instance, so busy rescuing a strayed and recalcitrant mongrel dog amid the darkness of the Boulevard Saint Michel, that by the time all

their immediate neighbours have hurled invectives from their windows at the animal's subsequent protest at being rescued at all, it is, so to speak, time for the Gordons to start on their real tour—if they are going to get started at all. Which, I do believe, wouldn't very much matter, because I am sure they could entertain us for three hundred pages by merely describing a tour of the arterial roads of England—than which I can imagine nothing less probable of likely entertainment. So, perhaps, it is not necessary for me to tell you that "Three Lands on Three Wheels" is written and illustrated by Jan and Cora Gordon in their happiest holiday mood. Being, so to speak, delightfully human themselves, they easily find out the humanity in others; and until you discover this, life is not nearly so much fun, and travel books infinitely duller.

* * *

Thoughts from "Three Lands on Three Wheels."

"Our bad luck is often our good luck disguised."

"No wayside tragedy can be half so tragic as that of a deserted petrol pump when your tank is empty."

"To travel continually is certainly to take your boredom out for a walk, while to stop still is to let your humanity loose on a round of discovery."

"We English first work hard to destroy ourselves and then have to work harder to avoid the destruction we have brought on our own heads."

"When sentiment steps in at the door judgment flies out of the window."

(Continued on p. 181)



MR. HUGH GOODSON—A YACHTSMAN
ARTIST

Mr. Goodson's exhibition of his paintings at the Walker Galleries last year created much interest and was a quite outstanding success. The artist is a keen amateur sailor and is captain of the Torbay West Solent Restricted Class Y.C. His father, Sir Alfred Goodson, Bt., of Waddeton Court, Brixham, is a member of The Squadron

GIVING HER THE "ONCE OVER"?

By GEORGE BELCHER, A.R.A.



"Yes, I went to see about that place in Edith Grove. She took all me dimensions, but I never 'eard no more from 'er"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

The Remarkable Biography of a Remarkable Man.

After reading the late Edward Marjoribanks' first volume of "The Life of Lord Carson" (Gollancz. 15s.), one regrets more than ever that there will be no second volume from that remarkable young writer. His premature death was a tragic loss to literature, as well as to contemporary history. Whoever may finish this "Life," he will find it difficult to develop satisfactorily the marvellous portrait which this first volume builds up. Well, perhaps, further development of character will be unnecessary. It will be a volume of "events" alone. The years which are of interest to outsiders are the years in a man's life when he is building. Having built, the remaining years belong entirely to himself. This first volume of Lord Carson's life covers his boyhood, his youth, his manhood, his early struggles, and his early triumphs. A life extraordinarily interesting because it deals with an extraordinarily interesting personality, and character, more than anything else, makes life exciting. Everybody will be reading this book therefore. For not only in his political career, of which, however, this volume touches only the real beginning, but in his career at the bar, Lord Carson passed through many stirring times. It is, however, with this professional life that the present book deals in greater part. And perhaps of all the famous trials described therein, none stands out so dramatically as the one which sent Oscar Wilde to disgrace, to ignominy (undeserved, perhaps) and eventually to his death. Finally, the last tragic irony of it all when, years later, accused and accuser met in Paris. Lord Carson had suddenly stepped aside to safety from an on-coming Paris taxi-driver, and in doing so, stumbled into a man behind him and accidentally knocked him down. "Turning round to apologise, he saw and recognized the haggard-painted features of Oscar Wilde. Like a flash, his mind went back to that occasion eight years before, in London, when Wilde's fine carriage had almost over-run him. The eyes of the two men met, and they recognized each other. Carson turned round and said, 'I beg your pardon.' That was all! but what a climax! "Wilde, under the name of Sebastian Melmoth, was living in Paris, dying of a terrible disease, 'beyond his means,' as he observed with the wit which never deserted him, preying on the generosity of his friends; in a week or two he was dead." Only once, however, did Lord Carson prosecute a murderer—Chapman, the poisoner. And an interesting theory arises out of this case. Was he "Jack the Ripper"? Chapman came to England shortly before the crimes started. They ceased after he left. Chapman also had a knowledge of surgery, and the Ripper crimes could only have been perpetrated by someone with surgical knowledge. Chapman was working in a barber's shop in Whitechapel at that time. Later on, he

emigrated to New Jersey, and in the same year a series of murders of the "Ripper" type were committed. They ceased when Chapman returned to England. Well, the real "Jack the Ripper" will probably never be known, but this theory which associates Chapman with the crimes has a good deal of evidence to support it.

Little Lives in a London Square.

To have lived in Cranford would have been adorable. To live in Durham Square would be unendurable. That is, if you were socially "of" the square as well as actually in it. But how well Mr. E. F. Benson describes such an existence in just such a London square in his new story, "Secret Lives" (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.).

His characters irritate you almost as much as they would irritate you in real life. And *do!* How well one knows the elderly lady who always tries to manage the district. Who believes that there is something divine about her rights if she has lived somewhere longer than anyone else. Also the elderly woman who lavishes on Pekinese dogs food and affection she might better employ, and whose "darlings" can do no wrong. Spiritually irritating, too, the elderly man who is more interested in curtains, clothes, and local gossip than the veriest old woman. Whom, of course, the sexually extinct old ladies of the square adore as being at the same time male as well as safe, and they had always been brought up on the understanding that they never went together. A little less satisfactory as a character study is the lady novelist who, unknown to all the world except her publisher, was in reality the famous Rudolph da Vinci, unidentified author of best-sellers whose plots were more Dell-ish than Ethel M. and more Arlen-esque than Michael. I don't believe she could possibly have kept her secret for so



"HOI! IT'S CAUGHT ME FINGER!"

long, and, while the ladies of Durham Square might possibly have read her, while protesting their faith in the author of "The Brothers Karamazov," the secret enjoyment of her books by the earnest and severe critic of the more earnest and severe Sunday newspapers rather too deeply underlined the joke. But still I forgive all, if only because of the amusing scene when Rudolph da Vinci, who could never find inspiration unless a gramophone or wireless, or preferably both at once, were blasting in her ears and whose machine had gone wrong, is mentally sustained one night by the gramophones and wireless of her neighbours—who had turned them on as a protest against her own insufferable noise. The trouble with the story is, however, that all the characters are silly in rather a dull, Edwardian kind of way. Amused as one is with them at first, one cannot be bothered by them at last. But as a picture of almost any quiet residential square anywhere within a three-mile radius of Kensington it is sheer photographic entertainment.

SCOTTISH NEWS AND VIEWS



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF MR. WILLIAM JOSEPH STIRLING OF KEIR

There were great celebrations at Keir in Perthshire last week in honour of the coming-of-age of Mr. William Stirling, eldest son of the late Brigadier-General Archibald Stirling and of the Hon. Mrs. Stirling. Included with the young Laird in the above family group are his mother, his brothers and sisters, his uncle, Sir John Stirling-Maxwell, his aunt Lady Sybil Fraser, and his cousins the Master of Lovat and the Hon. Magdalen Fraser. Mr. Stirling received quantities of presents from his friends, and the tenants at Keir also supplied outward and visible evidences of his popularity



D. M. Laing

THE BRAVE AND THE FAYRE

Lord Forbes talking to ex-Provost Burness of Inverbervie after opening an Old World Fayre at Laurencekirk. Lord Forbes, the Premier Baron of Scotland, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Aberdeenshire, married Lady Mabel Anson. His grandfather, the 19th holder of the title, served in the Coldstream Guards at Waterloo, and he himself is in the Grenadier Guards Reserve



Balmain

COUNT MICHAEL TORBY SKETCHING
THE BEAUTIES OF NORTH BERWICK

D. M. Laing

AT A SCOTTISH SOCIETY WEDDING

Sir Torquil Munro and Captain Grant leaving St. Mary's Church, Kirriemuir, after the wedding of Mr. J. H. C. Gibb and Miss Margaret Ogilvy at which Sir Torquil's five-year-old son, Alasdair, was a page. Count Michael Torby (see left) is a really gifted amateur artist and has given exhibitions of his work. This snapshot was taken on the second tee at North Berwick

AIR EDDIES : By OLIVER STEWART

Aeroplaning.

LONDON, like Topsy, has "grewed"; but it has grown more in the manner of a malignant tumour than of healthy tissue and so it has drained life out of the surrounding land and, unless its growth can be better controlled in the future, it may eventually threaten the whole country. Nothing brings home the malignancy of London's growth better than an aerial view of it. To look down from an aeroplane and to see green fields being eaten up by red bricks is like watching the progress of a disease.

It's houses, houses all the way and the only apparent plan is absence of plan. Trees are sacrificed to bricks and mortar; life to death; fecundity to sterility. Is there an open field within thirty miles of Charing Cross? Then pile bricks upon it, fill it with inflamed, malignant little houses. Is there a wood? Then raze it to the ground and substitute "Mon Repos" for the may trees, "Holmleas" for oak trees, and "The Acacias" for the acacias. Grass must make way for the garage and the coppice for the coal shed.

It used to be possible to fly in from the North as far as the old Handley Page aerodrome at Cricklewood—now a house-girt recreation ground—and to see green fields all the way; and from the West as far as Barnes. But it is no longer possible. Destruction of the "healthy tissue" has taken place and the ground has become a vast, suppurating sore. Immediate and drastic action is necessary if this metropolitan hypertrophy is to be checked. It is therefore appropriate that Mr. Nigel Norman has planned some flights of survey over London on the day of Sir Alan Cobham's show at Heston.

A Constructive Step.

The flights of survey are being offered by the courtesy of Lord Wakefield. Mayors and engineers of the London boroughs will be taken up and also a group of distinguished town-planners. One of these parties, which should have completed its tour of inspection by the time these notes appear, for the date is July 28, has been got together by Mr. Nigel Norman with the aid of Mr. G. L. Pepler, who is Chief Town-Planning Inspector of the Ministry of Health. It includes Sir Raymond Unwin, Professor S. D. Adshead, Mr. E. G. Culpin, Mr. W. R. Davidge, Mr. H. V. Lanchester, Mr. F. L. Thompson, Mr. Maurice Webb, and Mr. Graham R. Dawbarn.

Aerodrome facilities and the way in which they work in with and aid the conservation of "green" areas will undoubtedly be one of the things which the "aeroplaning" party will study; and in addition it is to be hoped that the value of aerial photographic survey will be made apparent. One of the problems of town-planning is that of keeping track of the various building operations, for the maps ordinarily available do not show them. Quick, small-scale, aerial surveys might be able to offer a means of following developments more closely.

Bristol Fashion.

About a year ago THE TATLER, which has probably spent more money on encouraging private flying than any other periodical, inaugurated its flying scholarship scheme and now it

is satisfactory to notice that the Bristol and Wessex Aero Club has taken up the good work and is offering scholarships. The offer applies to anyone resident within a circle of thirty miles radius from Bristol and nearly 300 applications have been received by the Club.

Surely the lesson to be learnt from this large number of applications is that there is a fortune—perhaps more than one fortune—awaiting the man who succeeds in making flying cheap while keeping it safe. Another event in the Bristol direction is announced by the Bristol and Wessex Club. It is stated in Wessex Airways that some hundred representatives of many different nationalities will be visiting the airport on September 2. There is much behind this statement, and, when the full details are published, it will be found to refer to an extremely happy idea that has emanated from a number of private aeroplane owners in this country.

Competitions.

Athletic sports would be duller than they are if they were confined to running races. In addition to running, the human body is caused to jump, lengthways and upwards, to walk, to throw various kinds of things in various kinds of ways,

to swim, to row, to punt, to paddle, and generally to go through the gamut of physical activity. So it should be in the air. The aeroplane should not only be required to race against other aeroplanes, but also to land, to take off, to turn, to approach, and to perform the other manoeuvres of the air in competition.

This has been recognized lately at Brooklands, and at Hanworth and other places. An instance is the Hart cup, a challenge cup valued at a

hundred guineas, presented by Mr. Edgar Hart for a competition between the light aeroplane clubs of Great Britain. The test is to shut off the engine at a height of 1,000 ft. and then to glide in, clear a tape 5 ft. high held between two poles and to land as near as possible to a table-cloth pinned on the ground less than 100 yards away from the tape. Hanworth beat Reading in the first heat of this competition, Captain Lessel Hutcheon scoring a "possible" by getting full marks and a bull's eye in the landing.

Air Traffic Records.

The latest air traffic figures for the Imperial Airways services indicate that a new record has been established in passenger flying. During May, 3,372 travellers flew between London and Paris in the Handley Page air liners of Imperial Airways, and for June the monthly total grew to 4,311 as compared with 2,206 during June 1931.

Thirteen years ago the air fare between London and Paris was twenty guineas; to-day it is five guineas. But coincident with that decrease in price there has been an even more noticeable increase in comfort. The latest aircraft on this line are recognized by everyone who has flown in them as by far the most comfortable high speed vehicles in existence. I was one of those who travelled to Paris and back in one of the first "42's" to come into service, and it was clear at once that a really big step had been taken in providing the passenger with air comfort.



AT COTE HILL AERODROME

A group of air-minded people consisting of (left to right) Major Guy Paget, Mr. Lindsay Everard, M.P., Mrs. Guy Paget, Mrs. Everard, Miss Saville, Lady Simmons, Mr. Lees, the Hon. Thomas Verney-Cave, and Miss Donoghue of Philadelphia, U.S.A. This snapshot was taken when Sir Alan Cobham was paying a flying call on Cote Hill, a new and flourishing Midlands drome

Bate

FOUR AT A SITTING

The Camera in Society



Paul Tanqueray

LADY DASHWOOD

This appealing study of Sir John Dashwood's wife shows good cause for the admiration of which she is invariably the centre. Both in London and at West Wycombe Park, the family place in Bucks, Sir John and Lady Dashwood entertain generously, and their popularity is great

The wedding of Mrs. Kathleen McNeill to Mr. John Dewar took place in May, since when they have been living mainly at The Homestall, East Grinstead, and going racing indefatigably. Mrs. Dewar is seen here with her daughter by her first marriage, to whom she is devoted

Mrs. Noel Campbell, who acts under the name of Muriel Hume, has just returned from a protracted Canadian tour with Sir John Martin Harvey's company, playing, among other parts, that of Lady Amory in "King's Messenger." She is a niece of the late Lord Wraxall



Yevonde

WITH HER DAUGHTER, BARBARA: MRS. J. A. DEWAR



Yevonde

MRS. NOEL CAMPBELL (MISS MURIEL HUME)

Priscilla in Paris

TRÈS CHER,—I had always imagined that a Moving Picture Studio must be one of the most hectic places in the world. One reads so much about the long hours, the tremendous energy, the ceaseless agitation of the Film world. Every time a famous author gets roped in to write scenarios for any of the Big Producers, he—or she—gives the goggle-eyed world to understand that . . . gone for ever are his—or her—hours of leisure! Actresses would have us believe that they rise at dawn in order to be "on the lot" (or whatever it's called) at an hour when ornery folk are enjoying whatever brand of breakfast cereal makes their figure slim, and that they only cease work in time to get back to whichever Paris theatre they happen to be appearing at "in flesh and blood."

Great was my astonishment, therefore, to find the peaceful, almost *far niente*, atmosphere of the Paramount Studios at Joinville when I lunched there the other day. They are situated just outside Paris, on the Marne, and the drive there, through the Vincennes wood, was pleasant. There are several bathing places on that part of the river, and the banks are gay with little tents and brightly coloured parasols. The studios, on the hill above the river, are built up round a central house that was once the *pavillon de chasse* of the Duc de Berry.

The gaunt, shack-like structure of the studios and the dainty little Normandy cottage-like buildings that house the various offices of Casting Director, Publicity Expert, and *tutti quanti*, form an amusing contrast to the solid yet gracious proportions of that survival of seventeenth-century architecture. The restaurant is also apart and rustic in appearance, with its shingled roof, its apparent beams and its green and white paint. Within, the little tables sport the ubiquitous, bright-checked table-cloths of all "rustic" hostleries. And—oh, Boy—the food! Slice of pineapple and leaf of salad, forsooth! I saw some of our slimmest stars digging heftily into perfectly good steaks with lashings of "vegs," and though, certainly, nothing "pudding"-like was the favourite sweet, most of them fell heavily for the strawberries "Melba." We gathered for coffee (and I seemed to

be the only woman present who refused sugar) round what seemed to be a tree-shaded band-stand . . . and sometimes is! At the moment, however, the floor had been taken away and goldfish swam in a shallow, pellucid pool! Mine host informed me that this was a bandstand *à transformations* . . . it can figure either as the basis for an oasis in the desert or equally well as a merry-go-round in the "Country Fair" scene . . . and in a dozen and one other guises. Came and went, strolling in this sylvan setting . . . various well-known authors: Leopold Marchand, Yves Mirande, Albert Willemetz, Marcel Achard, Marcel Pagnol (whose *Topaze*—of ill-fated memory in London—has just been adapted for the screen). Slim young girls whose names are usually to be found in big letters on the theatrical posters of the town. Edwidge Feuillière, one of the youngest and prettiest "coquettes" of the *Comédie Française*; Raymonde Allain (once Mlle. "France," and always beautiful), a brunette; Janine Guise, a platinum blonde; pretty Jacqueline Delubac, who has the distinction of being (very wisely, sez I) the only woman at the Paramount Studios who has refused to have her eyebrows plucked! Blonde or brunette, well or ill, however, all these lovely creatures

have the same air—due to the ministrations of the make-up specialists—of suffering from some awful liver trouble. An epidemic of jaundice seems to have done its worst to their naturally ravishing complexions, and one needs to hear their happy laughter to feel reassured. Happy . . .



Photographs by Wolff von Gudenberg

LA JANA

La Jana, the beautiful young dancer of Russian Ballet fame, is appearing with great success in a dance scena called "Die Hand," with Anton Dolin, at the Scala in Berlin, and at the conclusion of their contract there they are proposing to bring it on to London, where, of course, Anton Dolin is very famous. Many people imagine that he is a Russian or some other kind of foreigner, but, as a matter of interest, he is a hundred per cent. Irishman

but discreet! . . . The "Silence" boards and luminous signals that abound, even in the gardens, have a slightly depressing effect. Later we

tip-toed, properly subdued and respectful, into one of the "sets" and watched Tony Anton direct a scene for his new talkie, "Free Masons." Henceforth I remove my *chapeau* to Director, Camera-men, Sound Director, and all those shirt-sleeved supermen who have no "fan" mail and—it seems to me—damn little publicity in this country! When one sees them at work one realises, more than ever, what utter nit-wits the screen idols are!

Beauty (masculine or t'other), passive obedience, a certain gift of mimicry and, above all, the patience to wait about doing nothing between short bouts of work, go to the making of a film star. . . . I will add another necessary virtue: that of being able to sit down, during the "waits," without creasing one's clothes!

I found it extremely entertaining to watch the immaculate dummy who was the hero of Tony Anton's picture stand about or sit stiffly during intervals, while his dresser mopped his face, from time to time, with bits of blotting paper. Nobody took the slightest notice of him (all the work was done by the shirt-sleeved, technical crowd) . . . till he was needed . . . and then they whistled him up and he came! A humiliating business, I assure you!

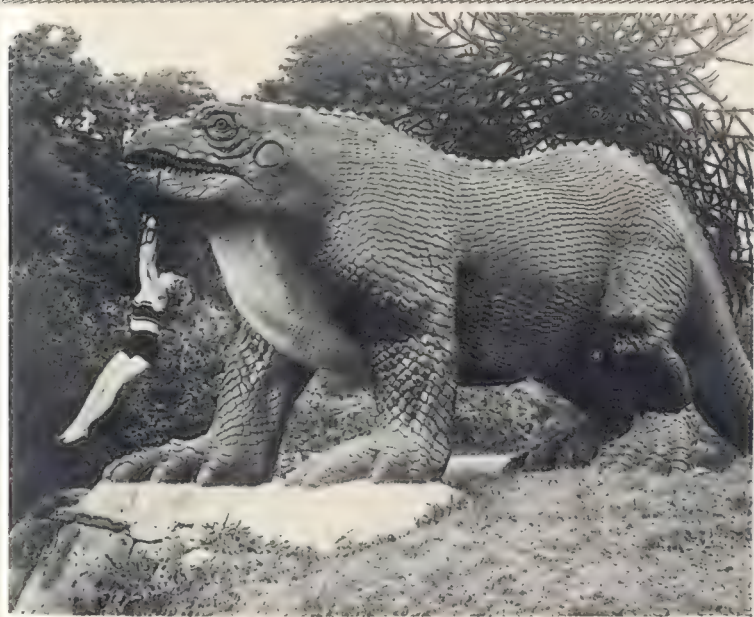
With love, Très Cher,

PRISCILLA.



AND ANTON DOLIN AND LA JANA IN "THE HAND,"
AT THE SCALA, BERLIN

Some Pre-Historic Pets!



IN THE CRYSTAL PALACE ANIMAL "MADAME TUSSAUD'S"

It may—or, on the other hand, may not—be a fortunate thing that England, the home of a large number of these Lewis Carroll creatures, is not now populated by them to the exclusion of some humans who are scarcely better-looking. Most of these things were carnivorous and could eat two or more Signor Cameras for their *petits djeuners* without any feeling of undue distension or indigestion. The disease called appendicitis probably was unknown to them. The Megalosaurus, who is to be seen in the picture just above this note, had peculiarly ferocious habits. He was at least twenty feet long and had strong sabre-like teeth with a serrated edge. They must have been rather like the old sword-bayonet. His favourite food was another dinosaur, by name of Polacanthus Foxi, who was a rather hedge-hoggy beast, but of a benevolent disposition and a vegetarian who chewed an occasional ant by way of a savoury. He lived near Cowes



NOT SO FAR TO TIPPERARY: THE CLONMEL SHOW

SIR ROBERT PAUL, ONE OF THE JUDGES,
WITH MRS. KIRKPATRICK

LADY HELEN McCALMONT AND MRS. MITCHELL

LORD SOUTHAMPTON WITH
SENATOR J. BAGWELL

CAPTAIN CROSBIE AND LORD ARDEE



LORD AND LADY OSSORY



MRS. HALL, M.F.H., AND MRS. MOREL

Distances are of no account in Ireland, and it was not surprising that the Clonmel Show drew visitors from far as well as near, for this particular sporting fixture has an extra-good reputation. Lord Southampton came all the way from England to judge the Foxhounds, and had several congratulatory comments to make to Mr. John Bagwell, the Chairman of the show committee. History does not relate whether Lady Helen McCalmont's super-champion heavy-weight, Handley Cross, honoured the occasion with his presence, but it is certain that his owner was represented in the ring. Lady Helen's photographic companion is the wife of Major C. Mitchell, M.F.H., (Kildare). A noted lady Master, Mrs. Hall (Carlow), is seen with Mrs. Morel, whose husband, Major Morel, is the Tipperary's new M.F.H. Sir Robert Paul, of Ballyglan, County Waterford, was judging the jumping, for which there was a strong entry. Lord Ossory is the future Marquess of Ormonde

Photographs by Frank O'Brien

CORONATION POLO CUP DAY AT RANELAGH



LORD KIMBERLEY AND MRS. E. D. MILLER



THE MARQUIS DE PORTAGO,
MRS. ROARK AND MRS. WHALEY



OSMASTON'S WINNING TEAM

King Alfonso gave away the Cup to Osmaston. The names of the team (left to right) are: Captain Prior-Palmer, Sir Ian Walker, Major J.F. Harrison and Captain C. T. I. Roark

There was a huge gallery at Ranelagh for the Coronation Cup final, and here is some of it. H.M. ex-King Alfonso is always a most welcome visitor and his keenness on polo is very well known. Polo celebrities (in addition to the actual performers, about whom there is a good deal in "Polo Notes"), in fact, abounded. Lord Kimberley, ex-International and ex-Old Cantab, is talking to the widow of another great celebrity, the late Colonel Ted Miller (17th L.); and Lord Barnby had his own Scopwick team and is with the wife of Brigadier-General T. H. S. Marchant, a former joint polo manager of Hurlingham. Osmaston were too heavy metal for The Panthers and won 10-5



MRS. T. H. S. MARCHANT
AND LORD BARNBY

ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By
ALAN BOTT



DISGRACED, CONDEMNED AND SPAT UPON:
TREFOR JONES RETURNS FROM THE DEPTHS
TO KATHLYN HILLIARD

THOSE quaint Victorians! Their pomposity! Their odd dresses! Their simplicity and seriousness! Their caste system! Their fainting women! And their public school spirit! Boy, open history's china closet, and we will laugh yet again at the funny old pieces.

The younger they are, the broader the burlesque, the better the charade, and the more jumbled the period-stuff. Messrs. V. C. Clinton - Baddeley and Scobie Mackenzie have assembled, in *The Pride of the Regiment*, a comic opera laid in England during the Crimean War. It has come to town by way of one of the universities, and it bubbles with post-graduate spirits, pleasant humour, one brilliant performance, and light, attractive melody ("music by Walter Leigh").

But it might just as well, without alteration of costume and scenery, have had its background during the Indian Mutiny, or one of Sir Garnet's campaigns along the Nile.

The chorus of fair knitters for brave troops wear bonnets and pantalettes that belonged to the 'Forties instead of the 'Fifties. The uniform and cocked hat of General Sir Joshua Blazes, K.C.B., are as worn for Waterloo and "Up Guards and At 'Em!" The Prime Minister's top-per and frock coat are of



JACK (YELLOWPLUSH) POW

Villainy Among Victorians

the eighteen-seventies. And the public school complex, which amounted to little before the 'Eighties, and reached its absurd climax under Bluff King Edward, bulks large in these presumed 'fifties. The opening chorus is of—

"Battle for the great tradition
Of Britannia's just ambition
And the honour of the School—
Marching to Sebastopol—
Marching to Sebastopol!"

And General Sir Joshua relates how he cut down a dozen natives with his sword, captured the fortress single-handed, had a glass of grog, and drank to the Old School.

It is all, you will realise, a clever parody of what the casual young idea, these past fifteen years or more, has imagined Victorianism to have been; which vision in itself begins by being a parody. The story of the opera is also an amusing mockery; it exaggerates Ouida in plot, and in its allusions to staff incompetence for the Crimea it out-does even the far-fetched reality.

Somebody around Sir Joshua is a horrid spy named Shutoff, alias the Terror. He snaffles confidential documents, and permits Russia to violate the rules of the game by getting early information of British plans. This, with the Russians' cowardly advantage from surprise attacks before the British staff are ready, prolongs the war.

Who, meanwhile, is the Terror? Sir Joshua doesn't know, and, since he has been sending his drafts of horses to the Bahamas instead of to Balaclava, he is hardly the kind of general to find out. The rest of us can see at a glance that it must be Captain De Vavasour, who leers through an eyeglass, grinds his teeth, strokes his curled black moustache, and wants Millicent, the General's blonde daughter.

Millicent's own fancy being for Lieutenant Launcelot Brown (she swoons when another maiden mentions his admirable leg), the baritone villain gets the tenor hero incriminated as the spy. Crested buttons are torn from Launcelot's red coat,



A MAIDEN'S PANTALETES:
MARION BLANDFORD

Millicent and the maiden chorus turn from the cashiered officer, and a plump Britannia, used as central figure for the first act's curtain-number—"Mother, Hear Thy Sons and Daughters!"—averts her head and bright shield when he passes. As he chants in a later song, he is disgraced, condemned, and spat upon.

Thus to the triumph of De Vavasour, who continues his purloining of documents in the Crimea, and through his dispatch-forging receives half-a-dozen medals from the Prime Minister, and Millicent from Sir Joshua.

Launcelot Brown follows convention. He returns just in time to prevent Millicent's betrothal to the villain. He tells how he tracked the Terror through the war, and discovered him disguised as Florence Nightingale. So it is the breast of Launcelot Brown that receives the medals of De Vavasour, whom you hear being shot just before, to round everything off, "Love Rules As No One Supposes" (a tune with a damnably haunting refrain, although it is invented as burlesque).

The brilliant performance mentioned on the page preceding is Gavin Gordon's De Vavasour. Effective parody must either sting with delicate thrusts or batter with hearty flourishes. This actor has realised that the all-out method best suits *The Pride of the Regiment*; or, *Cashiered for His Country*. Never, not even in old-time melodrama in the fit-ups, were there attitudes and intonations fruitier than his. Moreover, he is that rare combination, a good baritone singer who can also be an excellent comic actor. He is here the outside edge in stock Victorian villainy. And it is right that his solo number, "The Children's Voices Guileless Sing," should hold up the show at the St. Martin's Theatre night after night.

There is inequality of production because none of the other parts are given anything like this degree of mannered lavishness. Mr. Clinton-Baddeley, who is producer as well as part-author, comes nearest with his own Sir Joshua Blazes, whom he admirably acts and sings. Frank Birch brings distinctive caricature to the Prime Minister, and Colleen

Clifford and Charlotte Leigh invest two lavender spinsters with cameo humour; but all three are presented in a tone much fainter than the opulent—and very successful—one used by Gavin Gordon. And the Launcelot Brown, who should be at least as sharply defined as the De Vavasour, recedes into the background because he is sung by Trefor Jones, who has a lovely tenor voice, but in his acting is the ordinary little hero inspired not at all by the spirit of burlesque. I do not feel called upon to say anything about the lady who represents the heroine, except that she seems lady-like enough for the genteel rôle.

This comic opera deserves its popularity as a light entertainment for midsummer. (It might be less popular if it were not too slight for satire, which can make the audiences usual to musical productions resentful when they are persuaded into unwanted thinking.) It is conceived in the manner of a Green Room rag, and in the outcome it remains a lively rag on rather well-worn lines.

I foresee, though, a time in the near future when the Never-Never Land of Victorianism, as seen through undergraduate spectacles, will seem too familiar for exploitation. We shall pass on to the Edwardians; and these, in the process of the decades, will be telescoped together with our own Neo-Georgian selves.

Perhaps there will then be an *opera bouffe* which, in terms of period presentation, will be analogous to this one. The dear girls whose knitting helped to win the Boer War will be shown at cocktail parties, wearing cropped hair and knee-length skirts *à la* 1925-1928, while a spy, employed by the Kaiser but on the staff of the General Commanding the newly-organised Tank Corps, flies backwards and forwards between London and Moscow with blue-prints. It may be, in this production of the year 1932, that Staff-Captain Von Maxton-Vavasour will succeed for a while in incriminating Sir Oswald Mosley; but Sir Oswald's public school spirit will carry him through, and for the

honour of Winchester he will retrieve the blue-prints, whereupon Lord Beaverbrook will hand over to him the Prime Minister's seals, saying: "Britannia shall be your bride!" (Finale song: "Tom Rules As No One Supposes.")



THE PERFECT VILLAIN:
GAVIN GORDON



GAY IN MAY: CHARLOTTE LEIGH, V. C. CLINTON-BADDELEY, FRANK BIRCH, COLLEEN CLIFFORD



Oscar Hardee

THE WEST KENT AND FREE FORESTERS TEAMS AT THE WEST KENT CRICKET WEEK

The names in the group are (back row): H. B. Read, J. Bowley, W. E. Pratten, G. W. Norman. Second row: C. B. Blackshaw, J. C. Connell, N. Christopherson, J. R. Gillett, F. J. F. Edlmann, R. H. Marriott, C. A. Guise, Captain H. Glover, O. J. Grace, Drake (West Kent umpire), W. Turvey (West Kent scorer, Free Foresters umpire). Seated: G. N. Cuthbertson, A. P. Bowley, J. B. Wheatley, J. A. Deed, W. C. Pattison, J. A. Baiss, Colonel C. D. Rawson. In front: G. A. K. Collins, W. A. Anderson, M. W. Smith, T. L. Jackson



R. S. Crisp

THE OLD PAULINES XI

The names are (back row, left to right): J. Stuart-Black, J. S. King, C. R. Fennell, R. M. Jobson Scott, K. R. R. Readhead and H. R. Pocock. Seated: C. H. Dixon (Hon. Sec.), R. Felton, G. L. Olliff (Captain), H. S. C. Killick and L. A. Trace



R. S. Crisp

THE OLD CRANLEIGHIANS XI

The names are, left to right (back): L. S. Lawton, W. H. White, J. W. Lee, H. A. Bellini, B. L. Hazell, C. F. Greenwood, H. E. Greenwood, (Committee). Seated: E. W. Swanton, N. H. Martin, A. E. Cross (Captain), J. G. Mundy and H. P. Stevens



R. S. Crisp

THE REPTON PILGRIMS AND O.M.T.'S TEAMS

(Back row, left to right): C. W. Winter, R. S. Popham, L. W. T. Turner, J. T. Wildash, Captain A. P. Block, E. W. Dennis, H. Frenkel and D. M. Parry. Second row: Goodyear (umpire), K. G. Williamson, J. P. Jamieson, D. O. N. Hodson (Hon. Sec.), F. R. Barnwell, L. Bywater, K. J. Mendle, E. Cawston, Hyde (Umpire). Seated: R. Ostler, M. Howell, R. A. Young, W. T. Greswell (Captain), H. L. Greer (Captain), A. F. G. Hazelden, A. E. Carden and the Rev. C. E. Squire

The picture at the top of this page, which includes the West Kent and Free Foresters teams, who had a recent encounter during the West Kent Cricket Week, is of particular interest because this is the 120th year of the existence of the West Kent Club, so that it can claim to be one of the oldest cricket clubs with a continuous existence. The match was won by the Free Foresters by two wickets on the stroke of time, they having been set 254 to get in 2 hours and 5 minutes. The Repton Pilgrims and Old Merchant Taylors match was played at Teddington. Repton Pilgrims got 201 for 5 (declared): and the O.M.T.'s 275 for eight



This cuckoo comes in April—



-- sings its song in May



Changes her tune in the middle of June



and in August flies away

THE CUCKOO

By A. E. BESTALL



THE NURSE WHO DREW

By PATRICK BELTON



DREW HER OWN TICKET

PATRICK BELLEW



*Player's
Please*



PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 20 for 11½d 10 for 6d

NCC.100.

IN THE SOUTH AND EAST OF SUEZ



GONE SOUTH: MRS. SATTERTHWAITE



H.E. THE GOVERNOR OF BURMA AND LADY INNES WITH MR. NAYLOR, MR. INNES, CAPTAIN CLAY AND MR. GROSE AT NAMKHAN, SHAN STATES



AT THE CAP: MISS CELIA JOHNSTONE



MR. AND MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN AT CAP D'ANTIBES

Cannes, where they have a villa, will miss that popular couple, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Arlen, this month, for they are going to Switzerland for a few weeks, perhaps to gain fresh inspiration for Mr. Arlen's new book, on which he is hard at work. Mrs. Satterthwaite has been spending a tennis-playing holiday in the South; and Miss Celia Johnstone, the clever young actress, has also been patronising Cap d'Antibes. Others lately to be seen at this famous social tannery include Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Miss Rosie Dolly. The latter's lovely little yacht, which is the envy of all her friends, conveys her every morning from Monte Carlo to the Cap. Miss Lawrence is now back in London rehearsing her new play with Sir Gerald du Maurier

The photograph above of T.E. Sir Charles and Lady Innes and attendant A.D.C.'s was taken when the Governor of Burma was making a tour of the romantic Shan States and outlying provinces. Namkhan is on the frontier, and there the representatives of many nationalities and tribes—Chinese, Shans, Kachins, Shan-tyoks, Lisaws, Palaungs, Burmese, etc., etc., turn out to welcome the august visitors with a terrific *feu de joie*. The Governor's grand progress (he undertakes these tours frequently during his term of office) is largely a succession of councils, for he confers with the native rulers, and also meets the various chiefs who have petitions or complaints to put before him. But there is also good sport to be obtained with rod and gun in the up country, and much of the scenery is enchanting. In the background of the picture can be seen the A.B.M. Shan Hospital, which is most ably run by Dr. and Mrs. Seagrave and Miss Ah Ma



WITH M. CAMILLO: MISS GERTRUDE LAWRENCE



MISS ROSIE DOLLY (MRS. NETCHER) AND FRIENDS AT CAP D'ANTIBES

TOWN AND COUNTRY



AT THE G.R.A. DINNER AT THE WHITE CITY
(Left to right.) Lady Brecknock, Mr. David Bruce, Miss Nancy Yuille
and Brig-Gen. Critchley at the dinner party



ANOTHER GROUP AT THE DINNER
(Left to right.) Lord Brecknock, Lady Abingdon, Col. Moore Brabazon,
the Duchess of Sutherland, Mr. Charles Munn and Mrs. Bruce at the dinner



LORD DYNEVOR, LORD STONEHAVEN AND LORD POWIS
AT LLANDRINDOD WELLS



WITH THE DUMFRIES OTTER HOUNDS AT TWEED
BRIDGE: MAJOR J. J. BELL-IRVING (THE MASTER),
SIR JOHN RENWICK AND MR. W. W. HOPE



THE ALTHORP PAGEANT: LORD AND LADY SPENCER AS SIR ROBERT
SPENCER AND QUEEN ANNE OF DENMARK (CIRC. 1603) AND THEIR
CHILDREN, LORD ALTHORP AND LADY ANNE SPENCER

Brigadier-General Critchley's little dinner at the White City Stadium Club, of course, was given principally to those who are keen on "long-dog" racing, as the host is the principal figure in the Greyhound Racing Association. Some people interested in other things were also there, as, for instance, Lord and Lady Brecknock, who are fond of fox-hunting, and Col. Moore Brabazon, an aviation pioneer. Lord Dynevor, Lord Stonehaven (an ex-Governor-General of Australia) and Lord Powis were snapshotted at the Wales and Monmouth Conservative Association meeting at Llandrindod Wells. Lord and Lady Spencer took a very great interest in making the recent pageant at Althorp a success. Queen Anne of Denmark was at Althorp in 1603, which was a long time before a Spencer thought of founding the Pytchley Hounds. Lord Spencer is Chairman of the Hunt Committee. Major J. J. Bell-Irving, who is Master of the Dumfriesshire Otter Hounds, is the father of the Countess of Lauderdale, and, like Sir John Renwick, well known in the Borderlands



Fred Daniels
OBVIOUSLY VULNERABLE: WINIFRED SHOTTER AND OWEN NARES IN "THE LOVE CONTRACT," A NEW TALKIE

Above is a sylvan scene from a new British super-talkie which made its debut at the Capitol last month. "The Love Contract," directed by Herbert Selpin for British and Dominion Productions, is lucky in its leads, both of whom have done much to enhance the ever-brightening reputation of "home-made" pictures. Mr. Nares will shortly be seen in another English screen product, "The Impassive Footman." Miss Diana Napier is also out to prove that film stardom is not the monopoly of America. She was discovered by Alexander Korda, who was so impressed that he gave her a five years' contract, and she plays her first part in "The Wedding Rehearsal," made by London Film Productions. Miss Miriam Hopkins is a Paramount player who appears in "Dancers in the Dark"



MIRIAM HOPKINS



Fred Daniels
A NEW BRITISH DISCOVERY: DIANA NAPIER



AT THE ROYAL WELSH SHOW

Truman Howell

A group taken at Llandrindod Wells at the recent Agricultural Show. In the picture are Major and Mrs. J. S. Egerton, Mrs. Harcourt-Vernon and Lord Glanusk. Lord Glanusk is the Lord Lieutenant of Brecknockshire, and was formerly in the Grenadier Guards

IT is simply astounding the things you can read in the papers if only you keep your eyes open, and something Dr. Alfred Cox, Medical Secretary of the B.M.A., has said (for publication) makes one absolutely catch one's breath. The doctor says: "Great discoveries have been made already, and it has been shown possible to transform cretins (a type of idiot) into normal individuals by gland treatment." It doesn't seem to me that they have been desperately busy with this stuff, so far. The only thing we have heard about is "monkey gland," which seems to have vastly increased the supply of anthropoid apes, if the reports of some recent cases are true.

Another eminent scientist has been telling people how to avoid being struck by lightning. I can't see any sense in this, for such bundles of people ought to be. He tells us one thing, however, which ought to make the Scorchers sit up. Motor tyres are not non-conductors.

Anyone who is interested in equine blue blood, and who makes even a superficial study of it, will be attracted, I expect, by the pedigree of the latest "certainty" for the coming Leger—Mr. J. A. Dewar's Violator, who made such a dramatic raid on the St. George's Stakes at Aintree. The horse that wins the last big race is always the winner of the next big race, with some optimists, but it does not follow as a matter of course! It is not very difficult to work it out that Mr. Dewar owns one of the two best bred to stay of the colts in the Leger. The other one is Miracle, who has a stouter pedigree than any of them,

Pictures in the Fire

By "SABRETACHE"

according to my way of thinking; but then I may be a fanatic where anything bred back on parallel lines to Blacklock is concerned. Blacklock means this little line—Voltaire, Voltigeur, Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon; and if we look at Miracle's pedigree, we shall see how very strongly this most potent blood is in evidence—all the way down from top to bottom. Through Swynford on his dam's side, Miracle gets a spot of the blood which is most prominent in Violator's family tree, Hermit (Newminster). Violator gets three lines back to Newminster through Marcovil, his grandsire (Hurry On's sire). Marco (Marcovil's papa) was closely inbred to Newminster, and when they bred Marcovil, they seemed to think it was a good thing to put in another line to the same horse through Dinah, Marcovil's grandmama. This may be a bit too close according to some people's ideas. Further down, Violator gets this Hermit (Newminster) blood again; but on both his sire's and his dam's side he has it crossed with the Blacklock strain. Hurry On gets it through Tibthorpe, who was by Voltigeur, and Love in Idleness gets it on her dam's side through Landrail by St. Serf by St. Simon (by Galopin).

I think these two pedigrees—Miracle's and Violator's—are outstanding if you are looking for the real staying stuff, as, of course, you must do when you think of a Leger. In the pedigrees of both April the Fifth and Dastur, there occurs that brilliant streak of Amphion blood against which there is a prejudice when staying is spoken of. Unjust, most probably, because Sunstar (Derby) was an Amphion, and so was Galloper Light (Grand Prix), Sunstar's son, and we also have heard of a horse named Buchan (by Sunstar). All these were bays or browns. Amphion was a chestnut, and so was Sundridge, and the popular belief is that if they mark to Amphion in colour, they may not stay; but then they have said the same thing about the Roi Herodes (The Tetrarch, etc.), yet Caligula, who won the Leger in 1920, was a grey, and he was a real stayer, and by The Tetrarch, who, incidentally, never got the chance

to prove whether he stayed or not, so no one ought to dare to be dogmatic. It is a fact that bay and brown descendants of Amphion have won long-distance races, and that the chestnut ones usually have been just fast as a flash like Sundridge, and no more. The amusing thing about this Amphion prejudice is that this horse is himself a "Blacklock" on the sire's side, and Hermit (Newminster) and various other good stayers the other! I have always thought that you are upon much more stable ground where hound-breeding is concerned than is the case with horses. For one thing, you get your results where performance is concerned much quicker, and I think most M.F.H.'s and hound-breeders will agree that characteristics repeat themselves more faithfully in a hound than they do sometimes in a horse. For instance, where horses are concerned you may collect in his pedigree all the best staying lines in the equine Debrett, and he may get only five furlongs with difficulty. A good hound, on the other hand, usually marks his own characteristics most accurately in his descendants.



LEADING IN A WINNER AT SHANGHAI

The owners of We Two, Mrs. Jack Liddell and Mrs. MacBain, leading him in after he had won the Champion Cup. The name of the hard-working jockey is not signalled. The meeting was held before it was certain whether the Japs and the Chinks had agreed to stop their slapping match

THE WORTHINGTON SPORTING CALENDAR



AUGUST, 1932

1st to 10th inclusive

- | | | | |
|-----|--|------|---|
| 1st | Bank Holiday.
Wild Bird shooting begins.
Racing. Sandown Park, Chepstow, Birmingham, Newton Abbot.
Yachting. Cowes Regatta.
Motoring. Brooklands Meeting.
Shows. Royal Lancashire Agricultural Society, Preston. Navy Week commences, Southsea. | 6th | Racing. Lewes, Thirsk and Phoenix Park.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Motor Cycle Speedway. England v. Australia, Crystal Palace.
Greyhound Racing. Scurry Gold Cup Final, Clapton.
Shows. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. |
| 2nd | Racing. Brighton, Birmingham, Ripon & Newton Abbot.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Shows. Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.
Swimming. A.S.A. Ladies' Diving, Torquay. | 8th | Racing. Nottingham and Folkestone.
Lawn Tennis. All-England Ladies' Doubles Championship, Buxton.
Yachting. Royal Victoria Y.C., Ryde, Isle of Wight. |
| 3rd | Racing. Brighton & Phoenix Park.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Shows. Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth.
Swimming. Swimming Gala, Prestwick, Scotland. | 9th | Racing. Nottingham and Folkestone.
Yachting. Royal Victoria Y.C., Ryde, Isle of Wight.
Lawn Tennis. All-England Ladies' Doubles Championship, Buxton.
Olympic Games. Swimming Events, Los Angeles, U.S.A. |
| 4th | Racing. Brighton.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes.
Shows. Royal Dublin Horse. Southern Command Tattoo, Tidworth. | 10th | Racing. Kempton and Haydock Park.
Shows. Highland Gathering, Banff, Scotland. Welsh Sheep Dog Trials, Aberystwyth.
Cricket. Somerset v. All India, Weston-super-Mare. |
| 5th | Racing. Lewes and Thirsk.
Yachting. R.Y.S. Regatta, Cowes. | | |

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.



WATCHING A GAME AT ROEHAMPTON

Mr. O. S. Poole, who is the Norton Bavant and Oxford University No. 1, Mlle. de Sereville and Mr. C. A. Strauss. Norton Bavant were beaten in the final of the Ladies' Nomination Cup by Merchiston

IF it were ever possible to work things out by the book of arithmetic where polo and racing are concerned, it is probable that no one would ever back a loser. The polo handicaps very often work out with a miraculous precision, and we need not go very far to find a recent example—this year's Championship. Osmaston and Someries House were of equal goal value: 26 points each. Within two minutes of time the score was 5 all; then Osmaston got one, and Someries House missed getting one by a whisker; so that, to all practical intents and purposes, it worked out that these two teams were one and the same thing. Now, in the final of the Roehampton Open, The Panthers beat Someries House 9—5, the latter being without Mr. H. P. Guinness, but I take leave to think that the 4-goal margin just about compensated for this. Anyway, let us believe that with Mr. Guinness Someries House would not have done much more than win by 2 goals—that is allowing a margin of 6 goals between Mr. P. W. Dollar and Mr. H. P. Guinness. In this Coronation Cup at Ranelagh the Osmaston people knocked The Panthers endways, 10—5, and only for half the game were The Panthers able to go upsides with a team which, on the Championship form, were the same side as Someries House. So much for that. In the Championship Someries House, at full strength,—i.e., with Mr. Guinness—beat The Panthers (same team as met Osmaston in the Coronation Cup) 8 to 2; that is, by a one goal greater margin than Osmaston beat them.

The outstanding thing about all this is the wonderful way in which the Osmaston and Someries House handicapping works out; for this Coronation Cup form at Ranelagh entirely endorses the Championship form. I think, if no one else has done it, I should like to take off my battered caubeen to the handicappers! It is a splendid bit of work.

It is probable that I may be wrong in my appreciation of the Roehampton Open form, The Panthers (9) and Someries House (5), and that a much bigger margin must be allowed between Mr. P. W. Dollar and Mr. H. P. Guinness; but 6 goals is a lot, all the same. However that may be, I think we all agreed after that Coronation Cup final at Ranelagh The Panthers put up a simply Homeric battle, and were only compelled to surrender when all their ammunition had been fired away. Every man Jack of them deserved the polo D.S.O. and a bar! And I think this goal analysis will say why: Osmaston—2, 0, 2, 2, 1, 3=10; The Panthers—0, 3, 1, 1, 0, 0=5. That goal in the 5th chukker which Osmaston got was presented to them. A couple of short ones and then swing out is all right where a rowing start is concerned,

POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

but with such a dangerous spear-head as Osmaston possess I think it is suicidal to risk a short tap and then trust to a long one. If the second one misses, as it did this time, there is the risk which we saw. It was not an Osmaston forward who collected that goal in the 5th chukker, but Major J. F. Harrison, their back, who is deadly at 60 yards and more, and this shot was very easy meat for him. He met it, and it went whizz-bang pace plumb in the bull's-eye. As things turned out, Osmaston would have won anyway, as their ponies were making rings round the gallant Panthers after half the journey. H.M. King Alfonso, for whom the English polo world has such a warm corner in its heart, presented the Cup and the replicas to the winners.

It was pony power which gave Osmaston a 7—3 win over the Royal Artillery in the Coronation Cup semi-final—that and Captain Bernard Fowler being off his game. A 7—3 win cannot be right, taking a line through the Ranelagh Open, when the Gunners dead-heated with Someries House 6 all and then scratched because they had the Inter-Regimental before them. Here's another handicapping problem. In this Ranelagh Open, Someries House were 6 goals better on handicap than the Gunner team. On the way that game went, I am not so sure that the Gunners would not have won if they had run it off!

After the Championship a light of other days said to me: "If we could find three more like Guinness, we'd get that Cup back from the Americans!" This is so indisputable that it seems idle to make any comment, beyond saying that, even in 1934, Captain Pat Roark will not be a Methuselah. Why should we not find two or three right here and now and fill them with "Guinness"? I know how dangerous it is to hazard any names where the International is concerned, because that has ever been the best way to get a whole lot of hackles up, but I have always been an optimist and blamed Giant Circumstance rather than any individual or collection of individuals for our long run of defeats from 1921 onward. I believe we have got the men, and that all we have got to devise is another plan of campaign.



THE CAVALRY CLUB "A" TEAM

W. A. Rouch

The team which won the Social Clubs Cup at Hurlingham, beating the Cavalry Club "B." The names are (left to right): Mr. Desmond Miller, Captain H. C. Walford, Captain R. B. B. Cooke (all 17/21 Lancs) and Colonel Sir Harold Wernher. All bar Captain Cooke were in this year's Someries House team, runners up in the Championship

THE TATLER, August 3, 1932

Oh!

well—

there's

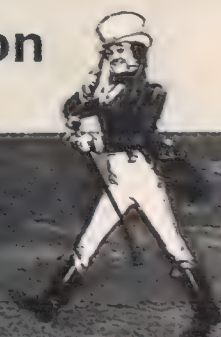
always

one

consolation

JOHNNIE WALKER

Born 1820 — Still Going Strong



BUBBLE AND SQUEAK



Photographs by Sasha

MISS LEONORA CORBETT AS THE PATIENT IN
"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD," AT MALVERN

The Malvern Festival opens on August 6th, and Mr. Bernard Shaw's play is to be one of the items on the programme. It will go to the Birmingham Repertory Theatre afterwards, and finally arrive at the Queen's Theatre on Sept. 14. If the play is good enough, the cast certainly is, and Mr. Cedric Hardwicke is one of the big guns

MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE AS THE BURGLAR IN
"TOO TRUE TO BE GOOD"

A CELEBRATED lion-tamer was once approached by an elderly lady at the close of an exciting performance among his snarling charges. "What a very trying occupation you have," she remarked.

"That's true," said the tamer. "After a few years of this game in draughty cages, almost every tamer I know has lumbago."

"My dear," said Mrs. Brown, with a shudder, "I had such an awful nightmare last night. I dreamed that all the animals from which my new fur coat are made were chasing me."

"But surely you aren't afraid of a few rabbits, are you, dear?" asked her friend.

The junior partner noticed the sudden arrival of the chief. "Now, let me see, where was I?" said he, trying to attract the attention of the pretty typist to the danger.

The girl, who had not noticed the arrival, answered tenderly, "You were talking of our future, darling; our home, the beauty of a room by firelight, and your longing to smash old Monkey-face!"

A drayman at a brewery had a well-developed taste for the products of the firm, but one day he turned up wearing a blue ribbon in his button-hole.

"Great heavens, John," said the manager, "you don't mean to tell me that you've signed the pledge?"

"It does look a bit odd, Sir, doesn't it?" said John, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Well, what's the idea, anyway?"

"It's like this, Sir. I wear the ribbon because it makes men tempt me, and when they tempt me—well, I have a drink!"

The couple stood before the registrar—an enormous, forbidding-looking woman and a meek little man.

"We want to get married, if you please," said the man, timidly.

The registrar shot him a glance of pity. "Have you ever been married before?" he asked.

"No, Sir," replied the prospective bridegroom, in a hopeful tone.

"And you, Madam," inquired the registrar, "have you been married before?"

"Well, not exactly," answered the woman, "you see, my first husband jumped out of the window after we'd only been married two days, so he really isn't worth mentioning!"

"What's your name?" the grocer asked the young applicant for a job.

"Scott," replied the boy.

"And your first name?"

"Walter."

"That's a pretty well-known name," remarked the grocer, with a smile.

The boy looked pleased. "It ought to be, Sir," he replied. "I've been delivering groceries around here for two years."

A woman stepped out of her car and entered the poulterer's shop to inquire the price of chickens.

An assistant told her the price of English chickens, and added: "I have others, Madam, which are cheaper, but they are French."

The woman hesitated. "How interesting!" she observed, "I think I'll take the French. In these times we must support our Colonies, mustn't we?"



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Gives to you that added charm which only a face powder of the very finest quality can give. It accentuates natural beauty and delicate colouring without giving that "powdered" look common to ordinary powders. Close-clinging and delicately fragrant, it is an English powder specially suited to that most admirable thing, the Englishwoman's Complexion.

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your complexion

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FREESIA
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APRIL VIOLETS

PERFUMES TO MATCH THE POWDERS • 3/6 to 55/-

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COIFFEURS AND STORES

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HER BEAUTIFUL
TEETH MUST ALL
**come
out!**



X-ray photo by E. J. Barber,
Qualified Radiographer

see what the X-rays reveal..

● The X-ray photograph shows sound teeth but a pyorrhœal condition of the bone.

Soft, unbalanced modern food, tartar deposits at the gum-line, lead to tender, bleeding gums and toothache. But far more dangerous than these, the infection may spread to the roots of your soundest, whitest teeth. And that, of course, means Pyorrhœa, X-rays and loss of otherwise good teeth. *For half of all adult extractions are due to this dread malady.*

Yet, common as Pyorrhœa is, it's the simplest thing in the world to guard against, to check in its early stages before it does serious harm to health and looks.

You have only to get a tube of Forhan's for the Gums instead of an ordinary dentifrice that merely cleans teeth. Forhan's contains in its formula those elements necessary to condition the gums and prevent Pyorrhœa. Why not start using Forhan's to-day?

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E.C.4





IN LOS ANGELES: MRS. G. P. PUTNAM (AMELIA EARHART) AND HER STEPSON, MR. DAVID PUTNAM

The Atlantic flying heroine in one of the most restful places on the Pacific slope—where there is plenty of sun and quantities of sand. This picture was taken outside the Ambassador Hotel, which is right on the beach

Good Work.

EXTREMELY glad am I to see that the other day at Reading one of the real ripe race of road hogs got it in the neck, or rather in the pocket; though even here he did not get it half hard enough. This joker got cross because somebody actually had the effrontery to pass him, re-passed so that the other narrowly escaped the ditch, and then proceeded to do the zig-zag stunt for some miles. When his victim got tired of this (for it is a waste of time to argue with a pig) and stopped the ingenious privateer reversed back into him and crumpled a wing. About twenty quid he was soaked altogether, which seems to me to be a totally inadequate penalty, seeing that for quite innocent faults a number of drivers have "automatically" lost their licences for a year. This Johnny ought to have had his utterly cancelled for keeps. You might suppose that this was a most exceptional case; I am thankful to think it is not common, but it is by no means rare. I can call to mind at least half-a-dozen occasions when a somewhat similar trick has been played upon my humble self. At one time the lorry driver who pulled his vehicle slap-bang across one's bows was quite a "common object of the highway." The trouble is that most of us are too lazy to take public-spirited action against these hot-tempered but cold-hearted buccaneers. It means the waste of a great deal of time, to say the least of it, and small thanks when the job is all over. And without adequate witnesses on the right side one's time may be utterly thrown away. Hence, as a rule when one of these homicidal lunatics misbehaves himself one rather prefers to get as quickly as possible out of his society, for his neighbourhood is not salutary. I don't care who it may be, but I will assert that no man in a boiling temper arising from righteous indignation can drive a car properly. Thus there is probably a long tale of accidents that have had a dismal ending for some poor wight, whilst the original *agent provocateur* never appeared in the matter at all. Why,

PETROL VAPOUR

By W. G. ASTON

I often wonder, is it that a certain type of driver thinks that when you pass him you are delivering a deadly insult. He may have some worn-out rattle-trap and you a sports type of price—and yet he grudges you the road. Nor is it a question of good driving. Often the man behind you gets the luck of the going and can slip into an opening that the other can hardly see at all. But in any event there is less need to-day than ever to do the hurry-hurry stunt. On a journey of twenty miles over busy roads, you can, if you thrust like blazes and take the most appalling risks, save the matter of three minutes—five at most, so that you have invested a heck of a lot of muscular and mental effort to very little purpose; to say nothing of fuel and tyres inordinately. *Quo bono?* At the end you arrive shirty and jaded—alas! I know it from experience—and matters are not improved when your own passengers venture a little justifiable criticism, having been several times frightened up to the swooning point. On the man who hastens just because he has not learnt motoring philosophy I would be comparatively tender. But a very special and searching form of punishment should be reserved for him who deliberately and persistently tries to make another driver crash himself. On that mean malefactor I would have no mercy at all.

Ah! ah!

For some little time rumour has been busily whispering that Rolls-Royce, in common with so many other car constructors, had some new transmission scheme on the tapis, though the truth is they seemed, at least to me, to have less need for it than any other. That there is now to be a special form of easy-change device in combination with a silent third in the 20-25 h.p. is now officially announced. And of course it will be an improvement of worth. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the old non-silent third was, if you get my meaning, a good deal more silent (forgive the solecism) than the "silent" thirds of most other cars. On a 20-25 h.p. I once drove a quite experienced car-owner for about five miles on third, and he thought he was on top all the time, and said, of his own accord, that it was a very nice top, too. That, I admit, was on a trafficky road. All the same his face was a bit of a study when I produced another gear altogether. Of course, the main point about the new R.R. box is that in the ordinary way you can slam the gear-lever about without any particular care about what you are doing, with the perfect certainty that you cannot miss your gear nor make a noise. Meanwhile, the Derby wizards have produced yet another example of their customary engineering magic, for in the 20-25-h.p. motor a number of modifications have been introduced whereby the output of power has been considerably increased, leading to enhancement of all-round performance, especially in regard to acceleration and to maximum speed. This last sentence is Mr. A. F. Sidgreaves' almost *verbatim*. I mention that point because when he says "considerably" he means "considerably."

New Singers.

The latest announcers of new models are Singer and Co., and a very excellent range they offer, two at least being absolutely new. All of them—the Nine, the Twelve (4-cylinder), the Fourteen-Six, the Two-litre, and the "Kaye Don" type boast some most substantial advancements. Only a very brief trial was possible, but it served to show that here was something quite new and very notable.



AT THE WEST TEVIOT AGRICULTURAL SHOW: MAJOR WALTER ELLIOT, M.P., AND LADY MINTO

This show was held at Hawick, which is where Minto House, Lord Minto's seat, is. Major Walter Elliot, M.C., is the member for the Kelvingrove Division of Glasgow, and has been Financial Secretary to the Treasury since August 1931.

Every lover of sport and the stage should make a point of getting "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News" every Friday

Miss Mimi Crawford

Who enacts the role of "The Dancer" in "The Dubarry" at His Majesty's Theatre, writes:—

"I ALWAYS feel that I am at my best after taking Phosferine, thanks to the thoroughly 'restful' effect it has on my nerves. Ever since the day I first thought of using it to restore my vitality, I have never experienced any of the usual nervy, anxious, run-down feeling which so mars one's appearance. In fact, taken just before a show, Phosferine gives freshness and 'go' to do the 'little bit more'—so often expected. Few people are equal to that extra effort—it 'gets one down,' but I know Phosferine is the 'extra' tonic that soon 'picks one up'! I am quite sure anyone who has to work early and late, like myself, will find Phosferine makes work brighter, easier, and less fatiguing."

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Influenza	Neuralgia	Lassitude	Nerve Shock
Debility	Maternity Weakness	Neuritis	Malaria
Indigestion	Weak Digestion	Faintness	Rheumatism
Sleeplessness	Mental Exhaustion	Brain Fag	Headache
Exhaustion	Loss of Appetite	Anæmia	Sciatica

From Chemists.

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Tablets and Liquid.

The 3/- size contains nearly four times the quantity of the 1/3 size.

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THINGS SEEN: The Blank Signature

By GRANT DUFF

SOME years before the War, when I was attached to the British Embassy at Paris, I became intimate with the Chilean Ambassador of that day, Señor Ortez de Vinaya de Vagos. This Señor Ortez had a very good knowledge of Spanish literature and contemplated an edition of Cervantes, with critical notes. I mention this in order to show that his interests were not exactly centred in the diplomatic career; indeed he would often wander far afield in his search for rare books, not infrequently going as far as Madrid.

The next in command at the Legation was a very different sort of man. Señor Alonso de Urruga was a very assiduous *mondain*, and as careful of his career as his chief appeared to be indifferent.

They did not hit it off at all at the Embassy, and Señor Ortez would frequently hold forth on the commonplace mind and the lack of all interest in the things of the spirit displayed by his unwelcome colleague. Vainly I tried to smooth down the tension and even asked them both to dine with me at Voisin's with that object. But it was of no avail. Señor Ortez informed me that he had decided to send in a really bad report of his subordinate at the end of the year. I may say that a confidential report as to the behaviour and talents of the staff is generally expected from the heads of missions.

I did what I could to persuade him, but it was of no avail, and the bad report was duly sent in.

One night I was sitting alone in my study, when the butler showed in the Chilean Ambassador, who was always admitted at once, as one of my personal friends.

This occurred about two months after the bad report had been sent in. The unpopular secretary had been left in charge by the Ambassador on one of his periodical flights to Madrid, in search of a rare book. It is generally understood that chiefs of missions remain in the countries to which they are accredited. If they intend to absent themselves for some urgent reason, they sometimes leave with the *chargé d'affaires* a few blank sheets of official paper with their signatures attached, so that the usual routine of the Office may suffer no interruption. (Of course I am not referring to holidays.)

Well, my friend had very imprudently done so on this occasion, and the cards fell very badly for him; for it chanced that the acknowledgement of his bad report of Señor Alonso came in, with the first batch of official correspondence to be dealt with. The *chargé d'affaires* read that he had shown complete incompetence in handling even the minor matters with which the careful Ambassador had entrusted him, that his interests were not those of his country, and that it would imperil them were he ever to become an Ambassador.

Señor Alonso was not without a sense of humour and being a Spaniard, it goes without saying that he was also not without the instinct for revenge.

He sat down at once in his absent chief's chair, and over his blank signature wrote as follows:

(13)

Chilean Embassy, Paris.
March 3, 19—

To the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lima, Chile.

YOUR EXCELLENCY.—With reference to my former despatch, under date January 3 of the current year, dealing with the character, capacities, and work of Señor Alonso de Urruga, first Secretary of this Embassy, in which I commented with severity upon what at that time seemed to me to be his lack of capacity and failure to fill his post with satisfaction to myself, I now beg to inform you that since forwarding that despatch, I have entirely reversed that altogether erroneous view.

I have found that, on the contrary, the first Secretary is admirably fitted to perform all the duties connected with his post, and that his character is just that of the future Ambassador to Paris, which he aspires to fill.

As my interests are largely those of a book-collector and those of an Ambassador are on the whole rather irksome, I think it best to offer you my resignation, at the same time heartily recommending Señor Alonso Urruga to succeed me as Ambassador.

I am, etc.,

(Signed) ORTEZ DE VINAYA
DE VAGOS.

(This, of course, was one of the blank signatures.)

The poor man was absolutely prostrated with the discovery of the vengeance that had been taken upon him, for there had come a telegram from Lima, saying that his resignation had been accepted. At first, he could not understand what had happened and telegraphed in reply that he had no intention of resigning. It was not until the Foreign Office of Lima had referred him to his own despatch No. 13, that had been sent as described above by his treacherous subordinate, and after he had verified it as one of his own blank signatures, thus perverted to destructive uses, that the perfidy of his subordinate became clear to him, along with his own folly in leaving

the blank signatures behind, when he made his last excursion to Madrid.

He had to vacate the Embassy, but with the satisfaction of knowing that his former colleague had not been appointed to succeed him.

He asked me whether he ought not to call him out and fight a duel with him. I dissuaded him from this course, for it would have done no good, and certainly not increased the prestige of his country, were the story to be given the advertisement of a duel.

Both my former colleagues have long been dead and the government of Chile has several times been changed since the curious event just described, which at that time did not travel beyond the precincts of the Chilean Foreign Office, their Embassy in Paris and myself, and has never, so far as I know, been made public.



MISS MARIA ALBA IN "ROBINSON CRUSOE OF THE SOUTH SEAS"

Miss Maria Alba is Douglas Fairbanks' leading lady in a picture which ought to give the hero plenty of chances, especially if they have gone to R. Crusoe's own island, Juan de Fernandez

THE 'RUN-ABOUT' SUIT IN VERY SOFT TWEEDS

Inspired Brain Wave! At home everywhere. Not too dressy on the Race Course, not too "out-of-doors" for other occasions. Created, too, by MARGARET BARRY, in her own delightful Irish Tweeds. Warm without a ghost of stiffness . . . gracious as silk . . . soft as angora . . . thickish for Autumn Days, yet taking AND KEEPING that slim elegance of line which is the very soul and secret of all MARGARET BARRY Creations.

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. . . cosy—yet without a suggestion of "Teddy-Bearishness." As slim and graceful as the Little Suit it partners.



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SPORTS CLOTHES: 64 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. BLOUSES: 42 SOUTH MOLTON STREET, W.1. MILLINERY: 18 BROOK STREET, W.1.

THE first week in August! A most momentous week of the year for everybody. Holidays for most, stag-hunting for some, anticipation of the Twelfth for others. For the golfers? Well, it may mean escape from the clay-clogged course—which just now is probably baked to the consistency of a brick and running as if all the fiends were after it. Or it may mean the laying down of the competition card, the beating the sword into the ploughshare of real holiday golf, or in some other delightful and inconsequent way mixing metaphors until they do not know whether they stand on their heads, or their heels are going round.

But for the golfers that is not all. Behold a solemn thought. This week the entries open for the Ranelagh and Roehampton Foursomes, officially known as Autumn Foursomes. Officially, too, another change of name but not of heart has taken place. The Autumn Foursomes and all their sisters and their cousins and their aunts, in other words, the Northern, the Scottish, and the One Day Spring Medal Foursomes, not forgetting the Girls' Championship and all the monthly and yearly club and spoon competitions hitherto run under the ægis of "Britannia and Eve," are now sponsored by our noble contemporary, "The Bystander," who have taken over the golf department lock, stock, and barrel from "Britannia and Eve." No longer will a palpitating public have to wait a month or more—generally more—for pretty pictures and all accounts of these competitions in the paper which ran them; they will be served up hot and fresh, as they are in THE TATLER only with a trifle more of space available from time to time.

So, be it well noted, those who want to enter for the Girls' Championship, and what girl who will still be under nineteen years old on September 13 does not? and those others who want to enter for the Autumn Foursomes had best speedily get them a copy of "The Bystander," and fill in and post the appropriate form. (If "the appropriate form" sounds terribly like an income-tax demand or a communication from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, please allow this obedient servant hastily to add that there is going to be nothing formal about "Bystander" Foursomes, any more than there has been about "Britannia and Eve" foursomes.) Having once filled up that form players will still be expected, in fact encouraged, to enjoy themselves in the same old go-as-you-please way, with the red tape either cut altogether or at worst flapping so gently round the necks of competitors that they only heed its tugs when they feel thoroughly inclined.

No; it is not the thought of "Bystander" organization in place of "Britannia and Eve" which is a solemn thought, it is this choosing of partners business which must give pause even to the heedless. Think well, and having



A seat full in Essex: Miss Margaret Tracy-Simpson, Mr. Theo Russell, Mrs. Ian Baillieu, Miss Peggy Dunnett, and a suspicion of Mr. Jock Musgrave at Frinton-on-Sea Golf Club

EVE AT GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

enticed, how to play with her. But space grows short. Perhaps another week we might discuss the perfect partner in all her aspects; for the moment what seems appropriate is to urge courage in choice. Because you have never asked Mrs. A., nor she you, is that any reason why you should not ask her this time? You and Miss B. have played together year in, year out, without success, if without actual heartburnings. Quite possibly she is as tired of you as you are of her, and here are a pair of you lacking the courage to say, "Shall we split?" A delicate matter? Possibly. You would suggest that "The Bystander"—or THE TATLER—might ease matters by printing a special coupon a few times, putting the inquiry or suggestion—whichever you like to call it—in tactful form. Then the uncourageous one would cut it out, fill it up, and post to the partner she once thought so perfect and of whom she would now so gladly be rid. Well, that of course is an idea. But it could take space. And space is precious. After all, the uncourageous ones could cut out this suggestion here and now, just as it stands, and post to the Partner of Past Years with the simple legend in her own fair scrip, *What about it?*



This is Mrs. Yates of Worsley Golf Club, Lancashire, who recently returned the remarkable score of 62 nett, thereby winning the record badge for the month, together with an "Eve" spoon

thought, write quickly, lest somebody else should have had the same bright idea. And having had the answer of the chosen one, get a "Bystander" and enter quickly. Not that it will affect your chances of acceptance; the conditions remain unchanged, and it will be the one hundred and twenty-eight couples with the lowest handicaps who will play at Ranelagh, irrespective of their order of entry, the one hundred and twenty-eight next lowest who will play at Roehampton, and the rest who will sit patiently on the waiting list till somebody drops out and they drop in. Only—and this is rather a big only—if there are several couples of the same joint handicap, then priority of entry will be taken to decide which shall go in. So that "do it now" is really almost as applicable to entrants for

"Bystander" Foursomes as for converters of War Loan, who may now be gnashing their teeth sadly over wasted bonuses—or is it boni?—because July 31 has come and gone.

Presumably advice ought to be tendered on the Perfect Partner, who she is, how to entice her and, having enticed, how to play with her. But space grows short. Perhaps another week we might discuss the perfect partner in all her aspects; for the moment what seems appropriate is to urge courage in choice. Because you have never asked Mrs. A., nor she you, is that any reason why you should not ask her this time? You and Miss B. have played together year in, year out, without success, if without actual heartburnings. Quite possibly she is as tired of you as you are of her, and here are a pair of you lacking the courage to say, "Shall we split?" A delicate matter? Possibly. You would suggest that "The Bystander"—or THE TATLER—might ease matters by printing a special coupon a few times, putting the inquiry or suggestion—whichever you like to call it—in tactful form. Then the uncourageous one would cut it out, fill it up, and post to the partner she once thought so perfect and of whom she would now so gladly be rid. Well, that of course is an idea. But it could take space. And space is precious. After all, the uncourageous ones could cut out this suggestion here and now, just as it stands, and post to the Partner of Past Years with the simple legend in her own fair scrip, *What about it?*

DATES TO REMEMBER

September 14-16—Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges.

September 22-23—County Finals at Royal Ashdown Forest.

September 26, etc.—English Championship at Royal Ashdown Forest.

October 4-7—"Bystander" Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh and Roehampton.

October 10-13—Worplesdon Open Mixed Foursomes.

October 19-21—South-Western Championship at Long Ashton.

A message from
the heart of England



..TO THE WORLD!

You remember the announcement of the 1932 Standard cars? How wonderfully they were received by the whole world? How, in a year of thrift and cautious spending, they leapt into fame? And now—with five more months of 1932 to go, the 1933 Standards are here. Not only announced to the world, but already the choice of many thousands of motorists who realise that a series of cars worthy to succeed the 1932 Standards must be good indeed.

Four worthy successors to the 1932 Standards and two magnificent newcomers!

The new Standard "Little Twelve" Six-Cylinder. Here is an entirely new production—a car built on the lines of the Standard "Little Nine" yet with the added power and performance of a six-cylinder engine. Saloon - - £189 Special Saloon £204 2 or 4 str. Tourer £189	The new Standard "Big Twelve" Six-Cylinder. This newcomer is a big four-seater car with a 13.5 h.p. six-cylinder engine. Apart from its extra power and performance this model closely resembles the 1933 "Big Nine." Saloon - - £215 Special Saloon £235 2 or 4 str. Tourer £215	The 1933 Standard "Little Nine." Now equipped with the new four-speed silent third gearbox, 12-volt lighting and starting set, hydraulic shock absorbers, petrol pump, electric petrol gauge on instrument panel and oil filter. Saloon - - £159 Special Saloon £174 2 or 4 str. Tourer £159	The 1933 Standard "Big Nine." The many refinements of this popular model include the latest spring and rubber engine mounting and the new flat rear floor with concealed wells, giving added accommodation for tools, etc. Saloon - - £205 Special Saloon £225 2 or 4 str. Tourer £205	The 1933 Standard "Sixteen" Six-Cylinder. The famous Standard "Sixteen" ready for 1933 with increased wheelbase, longer road springs, enhanced bodywork, thermostatically controlled radiator shutters, and even more luxurious equipment, including grouped nipple lubrication. Saloon - - £235 Special Saloon - £255 2 or 4 str. Tourer £235	The 1933 Standard "Twenty" Six-Cylinder This magnificent car (which provides sufficient accommodation for two occasional seats making it a seven-seater) is now mounted on an entirely new frame, giving immense increase in rigidity. Saloon - - £325 Special Saloon £355
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1933 STANDARD CARS

All 1933 models fitted with Dunlop tyres. All prices ex works. Send postcard for 1933 literature to: The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Canley, Coventry. West End Showrooms: The Car Mart Ltd., 46-50 Park Lane, W.1, & 297-9 Euston Rd., N.W.1



The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

MUFFLER SILK

It is pleasant to study the autumn ensembles at Liberty's, Regent Street, W.1, as there is something suitable for every type of figure. The coat and skirt of the ensemble below is of a lovely sea crest green shade, the blouse being of striped green and white crêpe de chine with scarf to match; it is 10 guineas. The ensemble on the left is expressed in a soft tweed in which red predominates; a toll has been levied on the silk used for men's mufflers for the upper portion of the sleeves and dress. The long coat is reinforced with a cape; it is available for 9 guineas. Hats are ever a problem during the holidays; Liberty's have solved it by creating two models that are available for a guinea each; there are many colours, the fabricating medium being woven. There is the affair with the narrow brim; it is so arranged that it will fit any head; a multi-coloured narrow band encircles the crown caught with a buckle

FASHION to-day lends itself to variation in detail, a fact that is fully realized and utilized by Matita. Success is sure to attend the new colours, elephant's ears, and just off black; indeed, it seems to me that they are really what women have been waiting for. Sail red is another shade in which this artist in dress has great faith; he uses it for coats and skirts, the jumper portions being an off cream shade that tones with the red. Many of the jumper suits are completed with scarves, and it is really wonderful the diverse ways in which they may be arranged, and, of course, there are hats to match. Macreme thread worked up into crochet knitted and Irish lace designs make many of the jumpers. A yoke in alliance with epaulette projections is a novel note. The Princess frock has returned but with a subtle change; it is particularly sophisticated; there are innumerable gores, darts, and flares in the neighbourhood of the hem; the neckline is often completed with the latest version of the Queen Anne roll. A novelty that is sure to be welcomed is the bolero coatee, which buttons on to this dress; it terminates some inches above the normal waistline and is made of wool crochet, showing the old-world "m" openwork design; the coats and dresses which accompany it are of a wool fabric. A jumper cut on the lines of a Norfolk coat has hook and eye fastenings quite two inches in length; they are golden and no attempt is made to conceal them; similar fastenings appear on the tweed coat. A dress of the Princess character is seen in alliance with a woven coatee evidently inspired by those in which Josephine delighted; they are in the gayest of colours. Some of the belts have pillar-box slot fastenings, while others are composed of small slave bangles threaded on ribbon



PICTURES BY BLAKE

Gorringes—

HOLIDAY
WEAR FOR
GIRLS

WASHING SILK
FROCKS



"CLOVELLY"
29/6

"EVERSLEY"

Graceful Frock, made of Spun Silk, ideal for Tennis and Holiday wear. In Ivory, Lettuce Green and Blue. Sizes 38 to 46. **21/-**

"CLOVELLY"

Beautifully made Spun Silk two-piece; Frock is sleeveless, and has pleats at back and front. In colourings of Blue, Lettuce Green and Ivory. Sizes 38 to 46. **29/6**

HARVEY NICHOLS



"COME Unto these Yellow Sands" . . .

arrayed in the most nautical of navy-blue trousers and the gayest of pullovers, smartly striped. The stockinette trousers are perfectly fitted at the hip-yoke by aid of brass buttons; the knitted pullover is made in navy/white, red/white, navy/red/white, and a whole host of effective colours.

Trousers 39/6

Pullover 21/9

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THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION—continued

Something New for the Autumn.

According to their usual custom Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, are making a feature of an autumn *ensemble* at a very special price in August. To-day it makes its *début* on this page. It consists of a cardigan suit and coat expressed in two weights of a wool fabric that is apparently a new version of a mousse; the heavier weight is used for the coat. The suit can be worn either with or without a blouse; when the cardigan coat is removed it is seen that the skirt is cut on corselet lines with a slight hiatus in the centre; the revers of the cardigan coat are of striped Sarvic. It has a slimming effect and is finished with a narrow belt. The long coat is enriched with Indian lamb. A novel note is struck in the collar, one side being longer than the other; it may be arranged in a variety of ways to suit the wearer. The ensemble is available in three sizes, S.W., W., and O.S., and in the following colours: French grey, brown, blue, and black. It has gone into residence in the coat and skirt department on the third floor. A very important item is the price; the cardigan suit is 89s. 6d., when accompanied by the long coat the cost is 10½ guineas.

"Landmarks of Beauty and Fashion."

"Landmarks of Beauty and Fashion" is the title of the Dolcis Book. It is devoted to the subject of footwear, and is printed in colours; it really is a beautiful production. It may be obtained from the Dolcis Shoe Company, Dolcis House, Great Dover Street, S.E. It is computed that at least three million pairs of Dolcis fashion shoes, Dolcian men's shoes, and Freetoze children's footwear are in daily wear throughout the United Kingdom, and that there are no less than two hundred branches of the Dolcis organization. Surely this demonstrates the truth of the old adage, "Nothing succeeds like success." A fact that is not nearly so well-known as it should be is that there is a forty-eight hour repair service; an important feature of it is that all repairs are carried out on the same lasts as used when the models were originally constructed; they regain their correct shape which

gives them a new lease of life. Furthermore, instructions are given regarding the correct way of measuring the foot.

From Canada.

Everyone will be interested to hear that Miss Mary McNulty, who is now in England, is returning to Toronto shortly, where she will open salons and give personal service in Empire clothes. She very much likes the Matita fashions, and I understand that she has made arrangements for consignments to be sent to her regularly. She has for many years been connected with a chain store in Canada, and as a consequence is extremely practical. She qualified as a barrister, but as she found that business men did not care to take the advice of, or consult, a woman, she relinquished that profession, and turned her attention to fashion where she has been remarkably successful.

Experience Teaches.

The warm weather teaches women many things, and among them is that the use of Elizabeth Arden's (25, Old Bond Street) Skin Tonic (3s. 6d.), should not be confined to the face, neck, and arms. After the bath, the entire body should be patted with a "wad" of cotton wool steeped in it (some will prefer to dilute the tonic with water), special attention being given to the ears, beneath the arms, and nape of the neck. Even if the bath is omitted the Skin Tonic may be used. For refreshing the eyes and strengthening the vision the aid of the special Eye Lotion must be sought; it must also be remembered that headaches during the warm weather are often due to weary eyes; remove the cause and the trouble disappears. Of course, throughout the year, these lotions must be used regularly. Although the thermometer may be eighty in the shade, all who follow my advice will feel pleasantly cool and derive all the advantages that are associated with warm weather. Miss Arden may not approve of her specialities being used so lavishly, but I do know the benefit derived therefrom, and do not regard it as an extravagance. The good work accomplished by the



AN AUTUMN ENSEMBLE

Of which two views are given. It is expressed in a new wool fabric, and is available in a variety of colour schemes. At Dickins and Jones, Regent Street

Cleansing Cream and the Orange and Velve Skin Foods is so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell on it here, more especially as their attributes are discussed in "The Quest of the Beautiful," sent gratis and post free. By the way, Noshine for overcoming a shiny nose, and Spotpruf Lotion for perspiring spots to disappear in a few hours are absolutely indispensable to women who value their appearance.



HENRY HEATH LTD
105-107-109 OXFORD ST. W.



"WYLFOX"
(regd.)

Light-weight two-toned rough felt, in a variety of mixture colourings; makes this hat ideal for all Sports Wear. **25/-**
Obtainable from all Agents.



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: The Empire Public School :

ABERGELE, DENBIGHSHIRE

THIS magnificent educational centre is situated 400 feet above sea level in a delightful park of 300 acres overlooking the sea, with bracing mountain air.

Here a boy receives a sound general education to the age of 15 or 16, and may afterwards specialise in modern languages, commerce, etc., in order to train for his future career. Staff of Honours Graduates.

Every modern comfort is installed, ample varied dietary, electric cooking, central heating throughout. Fine facilities for all kinds of sport, bathing and athletics. Engineering shop and model business office.

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FOR THE MOORS

The
BURBERRY
SUIT

with Pivot Sleeves

Aids skill by ease, balance and elimination of all restriction to the arm and shoulder muscles. Absolute freedom of movement is assured. Burberry Pivot Sleeve Suits are worn by the world's most famous shots on account of the wonderful arm swing and shoulder play they allow; such freedom that, be a man a good or indifferent "shot," he quickly notices a marked improvement in his skill. Burberry Shooting Suits are made in twenty-five different styles and can be obtained either ready-to-wear, or made-to-measure in three to five days.



The
BURBERRY

the world's best weatherproof, is essential to complete a workmanlike shooting kit. It keeps its wearer dry when it rains, warm on cold days—cool and comfortable in every kind of weather.

Being easy fitting, thin and flexible, it does not interfere with the "set" of the gun, and allows the sportsman to shoot quickly and accurately under all conditions.

Illustrations of styles, patterns of materials and prices of The Burberry and Shooting Suit sent on mention of "The Tatler."



BURBERRYS LTD.

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1

WEDDINGS AND

October Weddings Abroad.

Mr. Oscar Morland of the Japanese Consular Service, second son of Mr. H. J. Morland and Mrs. Morland of South Croydon, will marry Miss Alice Elizabeth Lindley, second daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Francis Lindley, G.C.M.G., etc., His Majesty's Ambassador to Japan, and the Hon. Lady Lindley, in Tokio; and in Gibraltar the same month, Lieutenant Edward Gavin Heywood-Lonsdale, R.N., youngest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Heywood-Lonsdale and the late Hon. Mrs. Heywood-Lonsdale of Shavington, Market Drayton, Shropshire, will marry June, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Shakspeare of Sefton, St. George's Hill, Weybridge, Surrey. At Bombay on October 13, Mr. O. J. R. Orr and Miss Joan Godfrey-Faussett - Osborne will be married.

Recent Engagements.

Mr. Alexander Campbell Smith, son of Sir Allan and Lady Smith of 9, Greenaway Gardens, Hampstead, and Viola Hilda, second daughter of the late Flight-Commander Farnall Thurstan, R.N.A.S., and Mrs. Farnall Thurstan of Chatsworth Lodge, Weston-super-Mare; Captain Henry Robinson Swinburn, M.C., 2nd/11th Sikh Regiment, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Swinburn of Keswick, Cumberland,



MISS VIOLET GORDON

Who is engaged to Mr. John Digby Welch, the King's Own Scottish Borderers, the elder son of Lieut.-Colonel A. J. Welch, late K.O.S.B., is the third surviving daughter of the late Mr. Henry Erskine Gordon and Mrs. Gordon of Invernairne, Nairne



MISS LUCIA MARY ST. MAUR

The youngest daughter of the late Lord and Lady Percy St. Maur, whose engagement was announced this month to Major Frank Thornton, 16th/5th Lancers, the son of the late Colonel Walter Thornton, and of Mrs. Thornton of Draycott House, Bodicote, Banbury, Oxon

and Naomi Barbara, younger daughter of the late Major-General Sir Amyatt Hull, K.C.B., and Lady Hull of Beacon Downe, near Exeter, Devon; Mr. Rupert Sausmarez Carey, younger son of the late Sir Bertram Carey, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. (Burma), and Lady Carey, to Margaret Stuart Scott, only daughter of the late

ENGAGEMENTS

Rev. William D. Scott, B.D., and Mrs. Scott, London; Mr. Andrew Marshall Horsburgh-Porter, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Sir John Horsburgh-Porter, Bt., of 26, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, and Annette Mary, only daughter of Brig.-General R. C. Browne-Clayton, D.S.O., and Mrs. Browne-Clayton of Browne's Hill, Carlow; Mr. Francis Patrick Barclay Sangster, 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Major-General P. B. Sangster, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and Mrs. Sangster of 3, Nepean Street, Roehampton, and Katharine Mary, elder daughter of Colonel C. E. Duff, C.B., late 8th Hussars, and Mrs. Duff of Bradford Abbas, Sherborne, Dorset; Captain Edward William Towsey, the West Yorkshire Regiment (the Prince of Wales's Own), the only son of Brig.-General Towsey, C.M.G., C.B.E., D.S.O., and Mrs. Towsey, of Tollgate House, Colchester, and Miss Eleanor Neville Jeffrey, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jeffrey of Ovens-closs, Galashiels, Selkirkshire.



MISS NANCY YATES-SMITH

The second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Yates-Smith of New York and Woking, who is engaged to Mr. William Stanley Rhodes, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Rhodes of Pledwick House, Wakefield

In our issue of July 20, we described a lady in a picture taken at Bembridge as Lady Hervey-Bathurst. We understand that it was not Lady Hervey-Bathurst, but the Hon. Mrs. Peckham, and we wish to apologize for the error.

NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

The Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1., urgently appeal for 5s. weekly to help an old widower aged seventy-eight. He is quite alone in the world with no children or near relatives to help him. He lives in a basement room in a back street in North London. He has only his old age pension to live on and his rent is 5s. He is very proud of his little one-roomed home and he keeps it spotless, for he is a handy man and an old soldier. He served for some years with his regiment in India and has many precious relics of his old days there. In later life when he left the army, he did all sorts of odd jobs

to earn a living. But now he has really got beyond work, for his health is failing. He dreads ever having to leave his "home," and so long as he can get about and keep it clean he surely deserves a little help.

Portable gramophones may now be taken into Italy duty-free. The Minister of Finance, after consultation with the other departments concerned has decided to exempt them from the Customs duty on musical instruments, provided that their owners accompany them and that their stay in Italy is temporary.



AT THE ROYAL WELSH SHOW: SIR ARTEMUS JONES AND LORD MOSTYN

At Llandrindod Wells, where this show was held recently. Lord Mostyn's seat is in Flintshire, and he was at one time in the Household Cavalry. His Honour Sir Artemus Jones is well known on the North Wales Circuit

By the order of the Ministry of Agriculture and Forests, following the report of a Royal Commission on the famous National Park of Grand Paradiso in the Alps, the male ibex may be shot during the last four months of the year. The shooting fee is 10,000 lire a head—roughly £150 at the present rate of exchange. The Grand Paradiso area is now one of the few parts of Europe where the ibex is found. Formerly it was found in large numbers all along the Alps, and until about eighty years ago there was sufficient to permit of free hunting. Now it is only by strict control that complete extermination has been avoided. In the Grand Paradiso it is estimated that there are at present 3,500 head of ibex, and for their protection there is a special corps of Royal Hunt Guards. Thanks to King Victor Emanuel II's enthusiasm for ibex hunting, there is a network of excellent hunting paths leading in all directions on the slopes of the Grand Paradiso and in the adjoining valleys.

In our issue of July 27 we published a photograph which we described as being of Sir Windham and Lady Carmichael-Anstruther. This was an error for which we apologize, as the description should have read Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Follett.



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR CRICHTON AND HER DAUGHTER, JEAN

A recent snapshot at that pleasant spot, Roehampton. The Hon. Arthur Crichton is an uncle of Lord Erne, who is in the Blues, and plays polo for his regiment, who were knocked out by the Gunners in this year's Inter-Regimental

The Flying Scotsman NON-STOP



Louis XVI
Restaurant



Cocktail Bar



Ladies' Retiring
Room



Hairdressing Salon

45 MINUTES OFF THE RUN

In the beginning The Flying Scotsman made its name by going fast, by running smoothly, and by arriving at the time appointed. It does more than that now. It is one of the world's luxury trains with *salon de coiffure*, ladies' retiring room, a Louis XVI restaurant, cocktail bar, "Vita" glass windows, and everything handsome about it. It is an "Imperial Palace" in miniature, bringing London to Edinburgh and Edinburgh to London and weaving between them the even measure of a perfect service.

THE WORLD'S RECORD —393 MILES

"The Flying Scotsman" runs non-stop between King's Cross and Edinburgh in 7 hours 30 minutes—45 minutes faster.

WEEKDAYS, 10.0 a.m.

KING'S CROSS to EDINBURGH
EDINBURGH (Waverley) to KING'S CROSS

Ask for Pocket Time-table and Tourist programme at any LNER Station or Office, or of the Passenger Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.2; or LNER, York.



For the "Twelfth" —and every day of the year

The glorious "Twelfth" will soon be upon us, and let us hope the grouse is strong on the wing.

The weather may be perfect—BUT—be prepared.

The Valstar Weathercoat is designed by experts to avoid the handicap usually associated with shooting in a coat. Cut on generous lines, its special "pivot" sleeves enable the gun to "come up" with perfect ease and freedom, and without a suspicion of "drag." Its two-way pocket permits cartridges to be carried dry and got at with a minimum of trouble.

Light to wear or carry, its self-ventilating cloth allows the air to penetrate, and keeps one cool when the going is heavy on the heather when changing butts, and gives perfect weather protection throughout the day.

Ask for the Shooting Valstar with the pivot sleeves when ordering.

Valstars for Men can be obtained from 60/- to 80/-.

Every Valstar Weathercoat carries the Valstar label which guarantees sterling service and unflinching satisfaction.

VALSTAR WEATHERCOATS

Sold by leading stores, drapers and outfitters. If you have difficulty in obtaining, write to



the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

J. MANDLEBERG & COMPANY, LIMITED
(Dept. T.), Valstar Works, Pendleton, Manchester.

THE INTER-COUNTY LADIES' TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS



SURREY: THE WINNERS

The names in this group, left to right, are: Standing—Miss B. Feltham, Mrs. S. K. Edwards, Mrs. Uber (also the Badminton champion); seated—Miss B. Yorke, Mrs. Jameson (captain), and Miss Scriven. Surrey beat Notts at Eastbourne 9 rubbers to love, and came out top with five matches



MIDDLESEX: THE RUNNERS-UP

The names, left to right, are: Standing—Mrs. A. D. Stocks, Mrs. L. A. Godfree, and Miss Nancy Lyle; seated—Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Broadbridge (captain), and Miss Montgomery. Middlesex beat Kent at Eastbourne by 6 rubbers to 3 and thus finished up second to Surrey with four matches

Quart

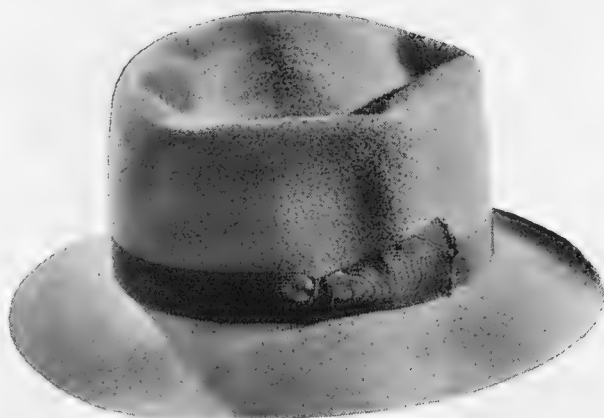


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Hats for Shooting, Fishing, etc.



The "Lawton"

A very useful Hat for the shooting and fishing seasons. Made of fur felt in Green, Brown, Green Mixture, and also Light Grey

22/6

Scott's THE HATTERS
of Bond Street

1 Old Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work —Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder;

for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test:

**THERE IS NO NEED
TO PAY HIGH PRICES
FOR YOUR OWN OR YOUR**



CHILDREN'S RIDING CLOTHES

CONSULT US. WE
SPECIALISE IN
RIDING ATTIRE
FOR LADIES,
GENTS AND CHILD-
REN, AND CAN
SAVE YOU MONEY.

**SEND FOR PATTERNS
AND CATALOGUE**

Smartly cut
**BOYS' RIDING
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42/-, 52/6, 57/6

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BREECHES**
Boys or Girls
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Every garment cut to
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faction guaranteed.



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See it with a
VEDET



This powerful prism telescope
weighs only 7 ozs. and measures
but 4 ins. in length. Gives a
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eight diameters. Of
same construction
as prismatic binoc-
ulars but with only
one barrel. Easy to
focus—the handiest
glass for every
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21-DAYS' EXTENSIVE TOUR IN BRITTANY

Visiting the most interesting places,
leaving London Sat. 27th August.
Inclusive cost 36 guineas. 1st class
travel throughout, best hotels.

For further particulars apply to—

Capt. A. P. COOPER, 36, York Mansions, London, S.W.11

CONSTIPATION —Immediate Relief

A new scientific treatment without recourse to
habit-forming drugs.

SAVORY & MOORE'S LAXALOIDS
prove definitely effective.

Price 2/9 per bottle. Postage 3d. extra.

Of all chemists or makers—
143a, New Bond Street, W.1

YOUTHFUL BEAUTY



by



REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN FROM WITHIN

Really beautiful skin is the creation of Nature and no
external application can charm it on to the face. As
you grow older the skin becomes loose, wrinkles and
crows' feet develop and your youthful appearance
gradually fades. This ageing process takes place in
the deeper layers of the skin and cosmetics applied on

the surface merely conceal the evidence of age. Creams,
lotions and powders do not reach these deeper layers
and are helpless to induce natural renovation and
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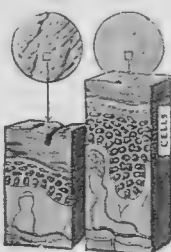
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Section on left shows ageing skin:
surface wrinkled and dry scales peel-
ing off; poor layer of active tissue,
cells shrunk to three rows.

Section on right shows skin after
treatment with
W-5 brand
tablets: sur-
face smooth
and firm; rich
active tissue,
increased rows
of cells some
of which are
growing; im-
proved nutri-
tion and there-
fore skin fresh,
clear and
youthful.



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LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

One of the many groundless remarks one hears is the oft-repeated one that mongrels are cleverer than pure-bred dogs. This remark is entirely without foundation; given the same chances, the pure-bred dog is every bit as intelligent as, or more so than, the mongrel. In some breeds which are shown in an artificial state, the show dogs do not get the opportunity of exercising their brains to the same extent as less distinguished dogs, but it will be found that their brothers, cousins, and children are in no ways backward in intelligence. The writer owns several well-bred but not show dogs, and it would be impossible to find a more intelligent or human party.

All readers will be interested to see the picture of the famous Labrador, Ch. Bramshaw Bob, the property of Lady Howe. Bob has had a phenomenal series of successes; he has been to eight shows, and has been awarded the championship in his breed at each show; he has also competed seven times for the prize for the "best dog in the show," and has won it six times. Surely a record. In addition to this Bob has run in two field trials, and has been first in one and



GRIFFON
The property of Miss Curtis



LONG-HAIRED PUG DOG
The property of Mrs. Micklem

second in the other. He is one of the best dogs which Lady Howe has ever had in her famous kennel, and it is needless to say is descended from Ch. Banchory Bolo. Bob is an instance of the futility of the remark often made that a good-looker cannot be a good worker. In Ch. Bramshaw Bob, Ch. Banchory

characters. They are only toys in size, as in all else they are like bigger dogs, being not in the least delicate nor requiring pampering or special care. Miss Curtis sends the snapshot of one for whom she requires a home. She says "the young lady for sale is house-trained, goes on a lead, small, good all-round type, not to breed from, but is a jolly companion, seven months old." Miss Curtis's dogs are well known to us for the excellent companions they make.

Letters to Miss BRUCE, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.

Trueman, and their sire, Ch. Ingleston Ben, Lady Howe owns the three best Labrador dogs now before the public.

The long-haired pugs shown by Mrs. Micklem at Richmond excited a good deal of interest, and I am pleased to be able to give their picture, also some interesting notes from Mrs. Micklem. She says "This litter was born in May, the father being a short-haired black, the mother was bred by me, by Ch. Dark Dichory. This is her fourth litter, all previous ones being normal; she is the grandmother of several winners. I am told that several breeders, including the late Miss Little, have had these pugs. The Black Pug having come originally from China, one wonders in past history if the peke and pug were crossed. Twenty-eight to thirty years ago the long-haired pug was not looked on as a freak. These pugs are extraordinarily intelligent for their age and as strong as lions." In the beginning of the century these dogs were not unknown, and Comte Henri de Bylandt in his book, "Dogs of All Nations," published in 1904, has a picture of one called Hodge, belonging to Madame Tulk, Cambes.

Of all the so-called toy breeds there is no better or more intelligent companion than the Brussels griffon. Their faces are brimful of intelligence, which does not belie their



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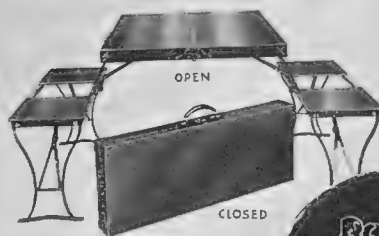
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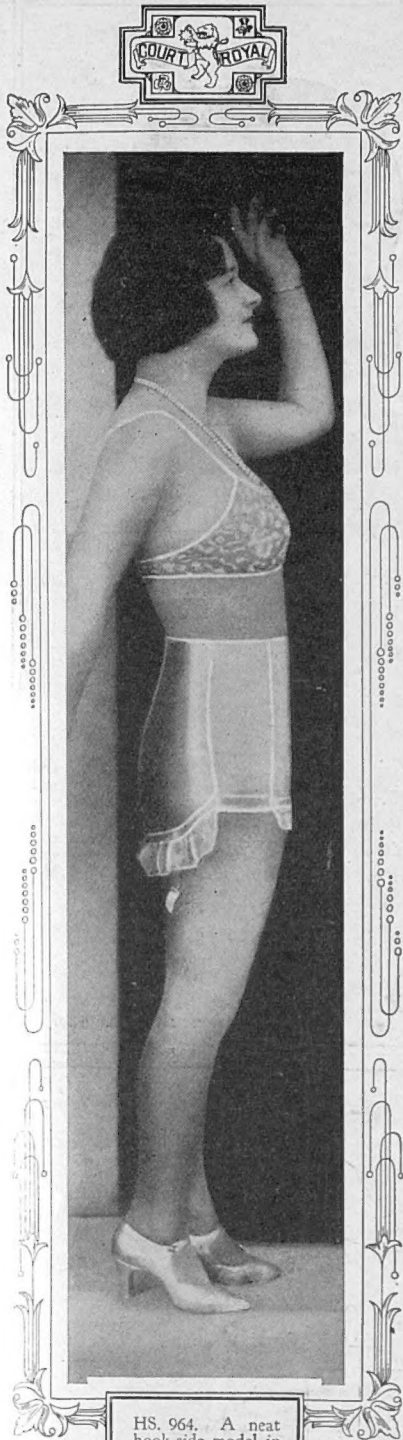
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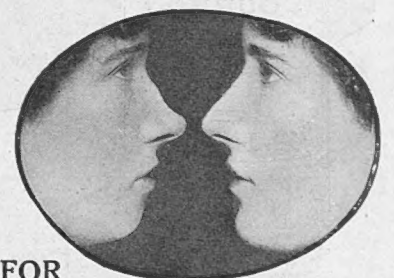
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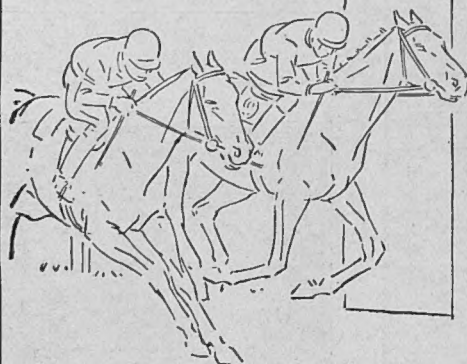
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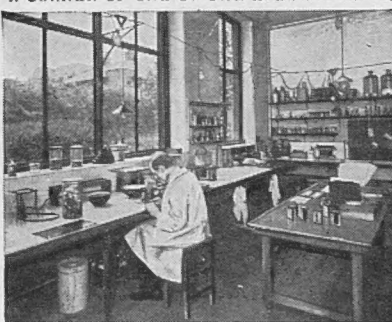
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Extract from the Diary of Sir Edward (5th Baronet)

"All that Glitters is not Gold."

1830:—"Tho ye carelessness of my commissioner warrants some reprimand, I can scarce bring myself to extort from him ye £250 which is my rightful due. He tells me (and I have never known him to lie) that in ye coach to Epsom he encountered a man who shoutingly offered £250 to £50 against Priam¹ (on which I hear Chifneys² have gained some £18,000). I having instructed him to find £2,000 to my £500, he was tempted to accept this offer. Needless to say he never saw ye leg³ after ye race. And tho he swears his intention to pay me every penny if I give him time, in recognition of his past usefulness I am strongly minded to cancel ye debt."

1. Winner of the Derby in 1830.
2. Sam and Will Chifney, owners of Priam.
3. Period slang for bookmakers.



Lady Angela: "Ah, the dear old boy's in a generous mood to-day. But who exactly was this 'commissioner' fellow he refers to?"

Sir Edward: "He was a kind of intermediary. You see, placing a bet at satisfactory odds might well have occupied one for the whole day. So, as my gallant ancestor did in this instance, one often employed a commissioner to do the actual placing of the bet."

Lady Angela: "And did the commissioner get a salary?"

Sir Edward: "No. He was usually paid a certain percentage of the winnings, in return for which he took the responsibility for making the bet and collecting the money."

Lady Angela: "In this particular case he seems to have come a cropper."

Sir Edward: "Yes. In his eagerness to get a better price, he risked the bet with a bookie he didn't know. But I expect such disappointments were fairly common in those days."

Lady Angela: "Well, for me it would take all the pleasure out of racing if I were let down even once. But there's no fear of that happening."

Sir Edward: "Perhaps not, dear, but only because Stuart House is another way of saying 'Safety First'."

DOUGLAS STUART, STUART HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2